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Bell's Life, Nov. 13.

The English Ring.

FIGHTS TO COME.

Nov. 15. Jones and Hayes £200 a side, London.

Nov. 16. Keefe and Tyler, £25 a side, London.

Dec. 6. Joe Smith and John Turner, £5 a side, London.

Dec. 6. G. Robinson and J. Nowlan, £15 a side, over 30 but not over 50 miles from Liverpool and Manchester.

Jan 10, 1854. C. Gillingham and a Novice, unknown in the P. R., £25 a side, London.

MILL BETWEEN GEORGE BROWN AND JACK HAZELTINE,

For Fifty Pounds a side.

These professors of boxology having fixed that unusual period of the week, Thursday, for the settlement of their fistic argument, a jolly muster of the better sort congregated on that morning at the Shoreditch terminus, and rattling down to North Woolwich, crowded the good craft Waterman, No. 1, from stem to stern, she lying at that spot specially chartered for the voyage out and home, and liberally provisioned and stored with belly timber and liquids for the same, in a style that would astonish the minds of some of the advertising emigrant agents, who deal in man-traps for the slow starvation of their unlucky victims. The day was delightful, but the dangerous practice of delaying the boat too long at the point of departure, nearly prevented any fight from coming off at all. The "Blues" were everywhere on the alert, and though the commissary and his traps were quietly put ashore at Rainham, and the vessel went on as if going far lower down, on her putting about, poor Old Tom and his assistants were seen rowing towards us from the unfriendly shore, which was lined by a lot of blue yahoos, ticketed, numbered, and wearing the shiny helmet peculiar to this race of inhospitable islanders. Having taken the commissary on board, whose long experience has taught him the danger of holding too close an intercourse with this peculiar tribe, we steamed away to a desolate spot, far from the abode of man, near Dagenham Breach; here the Waterman was warped in shore, and the boats of the expedition made ready for disembarking. Two or three short trips were made, and a landing effected, by the investigating detachment, when three of the blue yahoos of the calvish tribe of Essex, an equally hostile race to the pugilistic tribe, came in sight, and intimated that they had an encampment or station near at hand, whence they would draw reinforcements if the visitors to their coast did not forthwith depart. As it is not the practice on voyages of discovery like the present to effect a descent among unfriendly people, the voyagers absquatulated without altercation with the churlish savages, when it was found that the steamer was fast aground, the ebbing tide having left her hard and fast on the tail of a shoal. This seemed to please the blue yahoos exceedingly. But we took once more to our boats, and leaving the stranded vessel, rowed away across the broad river, the uncivilized fellows on the mud bank watching us with their clubs and truncheons with great arrogance. A good hearty row landed us near the Magazine in Flumstead Marshes, where the ring was made at three o'clock, the ring police, under Inspector Adams, duly posted, the referee agreed on, and all looked well for a quiet fight. The men, Hazeltine and Brown, are well known. Jack Hazeltine, as an Eastender, has always been well supported by the tribes of Israel, among whom he has been brought up, though not a Jew himself. He has fought with various success many times; twice with Barnash of Westminister, who beat him first time in 1846, a compliment he returned by thrashing him easily in 1849. In 1847 he beat Dick Williams in 87 minutes, and the same year soon polished off Harry Walker, brother of the renowned Johnny, who, this day, seconded his opponent Brown. In 1848 he knocked under to George Crockett, and the next year received forfeit of £100 from him. In 1850 Jerry Noon beat him with some difficulty. Since then he has fought and beaten Ellis easily, and hence his match with Brown. Brown's reputation as a glove fighter is good; his best exploit was beating (?) Ned Donnelly, and his last exploit his defeat of Charley George. The men fought catch weight, Brown appearing half a stone the bigger and heavier man. Jemmy Massey and Johnny Walker (his first ring appearance since his return from America,) seconded Brown. Ned Donnelly and the eccentric Jerry Noon did the "officious" for Hazeltine. All being in readiness, at three o'clock the men stood up. Our details of the mill, and its unpleasant termination, preclude the necessity for further preface.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. The men, who were both more fleshy than tip-top condition requires, eyed each other cautiously, and some feints and dodges of the usual style of the "London particular" school were shown off. Hazeltine stood too wide, and his nob did not look any the more in fighting trim from not having his hair cropped close.—Brown looked big and strong, and is altogether a more formidable-looking fellow than his fighting proved him to be. After two or three short deliveries, Hazeltine jumping about like a parched pea in a shovel, the young-un rushed in anyhow, and tumbled Hazeltine through between the upper and lower ropes, catching him slightly on the left eye.

Round 2. A scrambling exchange of blows, in which Hazeltine got a punch in the ribs, and visited Brown's kissing organ. Brown slipped down somehow, either from his own blow, or because he thought kneeling more suitable than stnading just at that moment.

Round 3. Offers and feints with the left. Hazeltine stopped Brown's left, and offered Brown an opening, the latter giving him a rib-roaster in return. The men got close, Hazeltine on Brown's *os frontis* pretty sharply. Brown then went in, hitting out right and left, but overreached himself and fell at Hazeltine's feet. The latter drew back his right hand and caught him a slight rap. Confusion and cries of "Foul!" An appeal; but the referee said, "go on."

Round 4. All sorts of manœuvers, more flash than useful. Hazeltine screwing about his left arm, closing and closing the fingers, and making terrible demonstrations of being about to punch holes in his adversary's corpus without delay; but he did not do it, and when Brown advanced upon him he skipped away, and Brown in going in slipped, and was at prayers again. The ground was certainly greasy, and might justify a few slips, but not such continual acts of devotion.

Round 5. A little more work. Brown on Hazeltine's other eye—the right---with little effect, and Hazeltine drew Brown's cork; a good right-hander from Brown in Hazeltine's blowing apparatus, which made him grunt paviorfashion. Both down in a scramble at the ropes.

Round 6. Hazeltine led off on Brown's frontispiece; Brown drove him back to his own corner, where they sparred and dodged a bit; Brown missed his right, a round hit, and Hazeltine pawed overhanded at Brown, bringing down his fist in the style of a trotting horse's fore foot. Brown caught Hazeltine on the potato-trap, then on the neck, and knocked him under the rope, but he jumped up instantly, and Brown's seconds took him to his corner. "Muckle cry and little woo', as the de'il said when he clipped the sow." The Brownists uproareous.

Round 7. Brown let go a vicious right hander, awkwardly round, at the side of master John's head, who just popped it out of the way in time. Brown got nearer, and gave Hazeltine a punch in the left eye---the only damage yet perceivable. Some stops and feints, when Hazeltine stole a march, and popped in smack on Brown's ivories, drawing a little more of the ruby. Brown caught Hazeltine a squelcher in the wind, which stopped his dancing, and seemed to distress him. Brown slipped on his knee and hand, Hazeltine again swung his left at his head. Another appeal, and very energetic pleading *in re* Brown, but the plaintiffs were non-suited, and the referee ordered a new trial.

Round 8. Brown drove Hazeltine into his corner, where there was some wild punching at half-arm, and down went Hazeltine on his south pole among baskets and blankets.

Round 9. The seconds and principals all six busy in the middle and all over the ring, Johnny Walker certainly setting a good example by his quietness and attention, which was not followed by the other three, who were quite as active as the two principals, if not more so. Brown got on to Hazeltine's eye once again, and a scrambling rally produced some round slaps on the nob and corpus of each of them. Brown slipped on going in, and Hazeltine laughed and pointed at him.

Round 10. Hazeltine led off, and popped in one on Brown's titlepage, which he illuminated with a little more vermillion. There seemed no steam power in the fighting machinery of either man, and, after some slow weaving, Hazeltine got Brown's head under his arm, but, not knowing what to do with it, they both went over a dog-fall.

Round 11. Hazeltine stopped Brown twice, who did the same in return. Brown ran in on Hazeltine and caught him a crack anywhere, and was down anyhow.

Round 12. Brown tried it on, and got home on Master John's pimple; Hazeltine missed his return, and pawed once more as if he meant to drop his fist on Brown's brain-pan clear over his guard; but, as nobody's arm is long enough for that, he caught his wrist on Brown's raised elbow and hurt his hand a little. As they sparred afterwards, and exchanged a hit or two, Brown's party, seeing this, were vociferous in their cries of, "Go in!" "Knock him down!" &c. Truly some people give great thanks for small services. Brown, however, did go in, but what was done in the rally was "nothin' to nobody." Both down, Brown turning Hazeltine over in the loving embrace.

Round 13. As before, exchanges, by no means distinguished for artistic style. Brown the best attitude, and more showy than effective. Brown caught Hazeltine in the neck, and down he went.

Round 14. Hazeltine led off, and got home on Brown's conk, who did'nt seem to like the smell of his knuckles; he retreated, and Hazeltine was several times short, throwing away his blows. The men had now fought 45 minutes, and the marks seemed pretty equally divided. Brown slipped at close quarters.

Round 15. Hazeltine fought rather wild, amid the jeers of the Brownists. Brown caught him a crack or two on the side of the head and in the ribs. Hazeltine under in the close.

Round 16. Much sparring, and several exchanges not quite within good distance; Hazeltine stopped Brown neatly, and caught him on the face. Brown gave Hazeltine a prop on the eye and slipped, in the close both down.

Round 17. Much like the former, and Brown on the ground in a little rally.

Round 18. More sparring. Brown got in one two [cheers.] In his next attempt he was stopped by Hazeltine who got home slightly, Brown went in, delivering both hands. In a scrambling rally Brown was again piously on his knees, and perhaps on one hand also, when Hazeltine hit him with the right on the left shoulder. A vociferous appeal, and tremendous confusion, in the midst of which we learnt that the referee had pronounced it to be "foul." Hazeltine, who seemed unharmed, ran to the centre stake and seized the colors. Brown's seconds withdrew him from the ring, and a scene of confusion ensued which beggars description. The referee was mobbed, insulted, and threatened with a mud bath in an adjacent sluice. Several pugilists and ring-goers, who ought to know better, hustled and abused him scandalously. He was resolute in adhering to his decision, and such persons ought to know that nothing can be more mischievous to the cause they thus support than violence to the functionary who takes an invidious and thankless office at the request of both parties. Further proceedings were threatened, but we need hardly say how long and how strenuously we have insisted on the inviolability of a referee's office, and the positive necessity, if the ring is to exist, of a submission to his decision. The parties who agree upon an arbitrator must bow to his decision; and if that decision is impeached, nothing but the clearest evidence that the judge himself was actuated by improper motives can even revise the decision. In this case that course of proceeding is simply ridiculous; and, howeve, the Hazeltine party may feel aggrieved, they like other losers must "grin and bear it." The battle lasted 54 minutes.

The parties present at this affair managed to return to London by various routes during the evening, and thus ended a very abruptly closed and unsatisfactory fight.

LIFE AND BATTLES OF JACK RANDALL,

DENOMINATED

THE PRIME IRISH LAD,

OTHERWISE

THE NONPAREIL.

From a work published in England in 1818, now first republished in this country in the columns of the NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The NONPAREIL had now disposed of all his opponents with so much ease and certainty, that the sporting world appeared extremely anxious that Turner should enter the lists with him; an opinion being entertained that the latter was the only boxer of the light weights that would have any chance towards defeating RANDALL. The superior tactics, and other pugilistic requisites displayed by Turner in his victories over Scroggins, had rendered him an object of great attraction among the Fancy in general. RANDALL was also anxious to fight Turner, by way of a finish to his efforts; in fact, the NONPAREIL delayed commencing Publican on that account alone; and two or three good houses had in consequence slipped through his hands. RANDALL was confident, in his own mind, as to the result. Victory, and nothing else, appeared as certain to him as if the battle had been over. This, however, was far from the general opinion. But when the following meeting was announced between the above parties, the Fancy were much pleased, and all alive upon the subject:—

Articles of Agreement, October 13, 1818, entered into at Mr. Franklin's, the Lion and Goat, Lower Grosvenor Street, Grosvenor Square, between JOHN RANDALL and Edward Turner, to fight for the sum of £100 a-side, on Tuesday, the 1st of December. The above battle to be a fair stand up fight—half-minute time, in a twenty-four foot ring. The place to be named by Mr. Jackson; but the distance from London not to be less that 25, nor to exceed 30 miles. RANDALL, on the one side, to choose his own umpire, as to a time-keeper, and Turner also to appoint a time-keeper on his part; but, to prevent any disputes, Mr. Jackson to appoint a third umpire, as a referee, whose decision shall be final. The whole of the above stakes to be made good on Tuesday, the 10th of November, at Mr. Franklin's, between the hours of seven and nine in the evening; but if either RANDALL or Turner wish to increase the sum to £200 a-side, this latter sum to be made good on Tuesday, the 24th of November. Mr. Jackson to hold the stakes, or any person whom he may appoint. A deposit of £20 a-side was placed in the hands of Mr. Franklin; but if the whole of the stakes of £100 a-side are not made good on the 10th of November, the above deposit to be forfeited according.

(Signed) BAXTER—FRANKLIN.
Witness P. E.

RANDALL was the favorite generally; but among the "tight Irish Boys" he was as warmly supported as when the renowned Peter Corcoran took the lead in the Prize Ring, and they urged it by "all the Saints in the Calendar," JACK could not lose it. Yet Turner was by no means in the back ground on this subject; and the Taffies swore, "Cot splutter hur nails, hur's sure to win it." The cool knowing ones, who put national feelings out of the case, and who only looked to winning the blunt, declared it was a complete puzzle.

This great match now being made, RANDALL went into training on his old but favorite spot, Hampstead Heath; and it might be said, he was rather under the eye and superintendence of a gallant Colonel, his patron, it also being contiguous to the above officer's residence. But RANDALL took up his abode at Bob Pilch's, the sign of the Horse and Groom, Hampstead. Bob's house was the scene of attraction for the Fancy, and it being only a toddling distance from town, RANDALL was most numerously visited by all classes of amateurs. A sporting dinner was also given by the friends of RANDALL, at Pilch's, a few days previous to the battle. This was also well supported.

Upon the side of Turner, his friends were equally attentive and upon the alert, and a Game Dinner was given to amateurs on Tuesday, November 24, 1818. The London fanciers, it seems, notwithstanding a heavy soaking day's rain, exhibited too much gameness to be deterred from meeting the friends of Turner at the Chequers Inn, at Brentwood, Essex, preparatory to the grand combat between him and JACK RANDALL. It was a numerous and most respectable meeting. It is a customary thing upon both sides, tending to give confidence to their heroes. A gamer dinner was never witnessed. To render the thing complete, the "brave men of the ring" were toasted by the company, till hoarseness almost followed their exertions. Oliver and Richmond, though laconic in their replies, proved their gratitude for this liberal notice; and Turner returned thanks for the mention that had been made of his former exertions, and observed with much modesty and candor, "that he would win if he could—but, if he lost the match, he trusted that the amateurs would not have to complain that he had not done every thing to give them satisfaction." The chairman (Mr. Baxter, brother to Turner), after the manner of the days of old, and in the true spirit of chivalry, gave the health of "JOHN RANDALL, with three times three, and hoped he would be in good health on the day of combat." This sentiment was received with the same liberality with which it was given: and drank in the most spirited and animated style. The whole of the meeting was characterized by good order, harmony, and manliness of conduct; and although milling was the prominent theme at intervals, yet not the slightest disposition appeared to put it in practice. The only bet made during the evening was an even £5, and RANDALL was taken for choice. The above great match, which, according to the Articles, was to have taken place on Tuesday, Dec. 1, was, in consequence of the death of the Queen, put off by the consent of all parties, till Saturday, Dec. 5. This circumstance tended, if possible, to increase the sporting anxiety upon the event. The day being altered, it was thought expedient, by the betters, to prevent any misunderstanding, to give publicity to the following:—"It may be necessary to inform those who are not thoroughly acquainted with the rules of betting, that, on account of the above day being altered, all bets that have been laid since the match was made are off, unless agreed by the parties to be on; but all those bets which were laid before the match, stand good." It was even betting at Tattersall's on the Monday previous to the fight. This circumstance was attributed to the Welsh feeling on the subject: 5 to 4 was difficult to be got. The above contest being a war theme, the Stock Exchange dabbled considerably upon the event.

STATE AND CHANGES OF THE BETTING, PREVIOUS TO THE FIGHT.—When the challenge was first given by RANDALL, and received by Turner, the odds were 7 to 4 and 2 to 1 on RANDALL; but this seemed rather to arise from the impetuosity and confidence of his friends, than from a due estimate of his real merits. Consideration soon reduced the odds from 5 to 4 then 21 to 20, and at length only RANDALL for choice.

Even betting followed; and at last even Turner's friends, who had been upon the reserve, began to show out, and actually offered 5 to 4 the other way. This change was attributed to a report that RANDALL had got a cold in his neck, and was under the necessity of having leeches applied to reduce the tumor which arose in consequence. Turner's father, it appears, had offered to take the odds against his son to any amount, and actually produced the blunt for a few hundreds, in order to prove his sincerity. The spirit of the Ancient Briton was up, and we understand, that he was instructed by his friends in Wales to support the national character with becoming dignity. Tom Belcher had also £200 sent up to him from Wales, to bet as he thought proper, as to odds, upon Turner.

The latter here, on his leaving Brentwood, dined at Belcher's, in Holborn, on Thursday, and in the course of the evening set off for Croyden, where he slept that night. He seemed in high condition and good spirits, and expressed a perfect confidence of success. RANDALL also shifted his quarters from Hampstead, and approached the scene of action. He was likewise full of fire, and was equally sanguine with Turner.

On Friday morning the bustle among the Fancy was great. Post-chaises, gigs, carts, buggies, wagons, and every description of vehicle, were called into requisition; and in the course of the day, the road towards Croydon presented a motley assemblage of all ranks. Many, too, who could not muster the means of other conveyance, depended upon their pedestrian qualities, and set out on foot. Every horse on the road was engaged, and hundreds were forced to take up their lodgings under circumstances of no ordinary privation;—indeed, it was considered but a trifling sacrifice, when compared with the pleasure to be derived from being present at the fight.

In the evening, the Castle Tavern, as well as every other house celebrated for the congregation of amateurs, was crowded to excess. Belcher's seemed to be the head quarters, and here betting continued with spirit to the latest hour. RANDALL, notwithstanding it was evident that a strong prejudice existed against him, and although reports were circulated to his disadvantage, was restored to favor, and 5 to 4 was freely betted. The friends of Turner were not wanting in their boasts, but, while they prophesied his certain success, they were not too ready in accepting the odds. There was no money wanting to back RANDALL, and thousands might have been had as freely as pounds. It was said, that one house in the city had £25,000 depending on the issue of the battle.

At length the eventful Saturday morning arrived. Long before the break of day, the road presented an almost uninterrupted line of carriages from Kennington Common to the field of combat. Every house of public entertainment was filled with customers, who took the bar by storm, and, like a swarm of locusts, devoured all before them; it was utterly impossible, in fact, from the shortness of the notice, to be prepared for so immense a multitude. Horses and masters were alike exposed to privation, and were conjointly obliged to submit to the hardships of the day. It proved a rare harvest for the Bonifaces all along the road, and it was out-and-out Tipping upon every suit, as well as the macing rigs practised to an extraordinary extent. The blue ruin looked blue indeed, and the stock of heavy wet was increased from the Thames instead of the brewery, dashing was so much in repute.

With respect to the former, many, owing to the heaviness of the road, and the great distance from town, were completely knocked up, and this great labor was incurred in vain. The same remark may be made as to pedestrians, the greater proportion of whom were thrown out. This was in some measure owing to a change in the hour for setting-to. The original time named was two o'clock; but this, with a view to the accommodation of the Dons, who were desirous of getting home to dinner, was altered to twelve. An alteration also took place in the ground: the first place named was Copthorp Common, but was changed for Crawley Downs. The situation was extremely appropriate on a rising ground; and, although the weather was unfavorable, the turf remained in excellent order. Hundreds laid down upon it, regardless of the damp state of the weather; health or catching of colds were not put into competition with the anxiety felt by the amateurs to see and be near to the fine tactics displayed by these renowned pugilists.

GRAND SCIENTIFIC MATCH BETWEEN RANDALL and TURNER,

At Crawley Hurst, in Sussex, 32 miles from London, for 100 Guineas a-side, on Saturday, December 5, 1818.

No pugilistic contest, since the days of Humphries and Mendoza—Tom Belcher and Dutch Sam—and Cribb and Molineaux, it appears, so animatedly excited the interest of the sporting world, as the above battle between RANDALL and Turner; in fact, many of the oldest Fanciers assert, that, in point of betting and staking, there is nothing like it upon record.

The ages of the men differ but little; Turner was born of Welch parents in London, November 2, 1791; and RANDALL, also in London, of Irish parents, November 25, 1794. The latter is in height 5 feet 6 inches, and Turner is also in height 5 feet 7 inches; their weight nearly alike. For weeks previous to the fight the sporting houses were crowded every evening and upon the day being finally settled, the interest increased rapidly. The toddlers had no chance to reach the place of action, and even spare Rosinantes, hacks, and ragged drags, were not to be seen upon the road; it was a bang-up set out altogether. Great numbers of the female sex viewed the fight. At a quarter before one o'clock RANDALL appeared in the ring and threw up his hat, attended by his seconds, Tom Oliver and Whele, greeted with loud cheers; and in a few minutes afterwards Turner threw up his hat in turn; and Owen and Richmond waited upon him, amidst the loudest acclamations from the populace. Twelve to eight upon RANDALL.

First round.—It is impossible to describe the anxiety impressed upon the countenance of the amateurs on the combatants shaking hands. The attitudes of both the men were interesting to the admirers of pugilism, and neither of them seemed wanting in condition. They eyed each other with all the acute precision of fencing-masters; and seemed positively to look into each other's hearts. It was dodging, dodging, and dodging again; and five minutes had elapsed before a blow had been made, touching the toes of each other all the time.—(The Champion of England here roared out, who was employed in beating out the ring, "What! five minutes and no blow?")—At length, after some feints, Turner hit first; when the prime Irish boy laughed and got away. The latter, however, was not long in making a return, and he gave Turner a jawer and a ribber, but not heavily. More feints and dodging. Turner hit short with his right hand, when RANDALL rushed in and went to work. He tried to fib his opponent upon his old favorite system, and a severe struggle took place for the throw. Both down, but Turner undermost. Great shouting from the partizans on both sides.

Second.—The same caution was manifest on both sides on commencing this round, and long sparring again occurred. RANDALL gave a bellier and got away; he was not long in repeating it, and adding a facer. Long sparring. Turner endeavored to give a tremendous hit with his left hand, but Jack was leary, and jumped back two yards. Very long sparring; in fact, it appeared so tedious to those who were only fond of downright milling, that many persons called out, "When shall we get home?" Turner with much dexterity put in a good hit between RANDALL's guard. (Great applause.—"Go it, Neddy.") The latter gave two facers; and plunged his way to work. The finish of this round was truly severe, fibbing and struggling till both went down. Twenty minutes had elapsed.

Third.—The mouth of Turner seemed to show some tinge of the claret, but there was doubt about it. He, however, appeared to breathe very quick, and rather distressed. The tactics of both the men were really of the first order of science; and it was viewed as astonishing by most of the old amateurs; in fact, it was expressed as "beautiful." Indeed, both of the men were so well prepared, that if the slightest mistake was made, it was not overlooked; and this may account for the extreme caution on both sides. RANDALL had never had anything like such a customer to deal with before; and Turner had no borer-in to beat off hand. This round took thirteen minutes, and the pauses were so unusually long, that some of the jokers advised Tom Owen to have a pipe. Cribb wished for his nightcap, and talked of pepper. Old Caleb advised them to go to work, and hit each others nobs off! After numerous feints, the round was finished well: Turner undermost, and RANDALL fell over him rather awkwarkly upon his neck.—25 to 10 was offered on the latter.

Fourth.—From the style of fighting displayed by both of the combatants, it was evident it must prove a long fight. Both anxious, and on the look-out not to give half a chance away. RANDALL put in two body blows. Turner's left hand also told on his opponent's mouth. The hitting and stopping on both sides was masterly. Turner's nose was now bleeding copiously; and RANDALL's face was pinked. Both down. (Shouts of applause.)

Fifth.—In this round RANDALL took the lead; he fibbed his opponent severely, and then fell upon him heavily in going down. "Well done, Jack; that's the way to win it."

Sixth.—To attempt to describe minutely the feints—the pauses—odgings, &c, would fill a volume; and therefore we must confine ourselves to an explicit but short epitome. RANDALL spit some blood out of his mouth, when Turner's left hand caught his opponent's nose, and the claret ran down into his mouth. (Owen vociferated, "I'll have Turner for £100," and "Bravo, Neddy.") A very long pause ensued, and it almost seemed that neither of the combatants wished to make a hit, so much caution was used. Fifty minutes had elapsed. Turner made a tremendous hit with his left hand, but RANDALL stopped its effect with fine skill. An exchange of blows. Turner aimed to do something with his right and left hands, but the blows were slight. RANDALL got away, sucking up his blood, which appeared rather troublesome to him, from his nose. Trifling exchanges. Turner seemed tired, and put down his hands' but they were soon up again, on RANDALL's offering to hit. Turner threw two blows away, when RANDALL put in a severe body blow. Another long pause. RANDALL now put down his hands, just for a moment's ease, when Turner ran in not to lose an opportunity, but RANDALL laughed, and was prepared for him in an instant. Long pause. Several feints, but no hitting. (Owen called out for a chair, that he might sit down, to view these scientific men.) Randall put in a heavy blow in the body; but got a sharp header in return. The Nonpareil seemed to be changing his mode of attack, and trying all for the body. (Loud cries of "go to work," from all parts of the Ring). Turner stopped a heavy hit. The latter was nearly at the ropes, when the spectators cried out "That's not fair, Jack, to get him into a corner." Turner, however, hit RANDALL on the head, and he also endeavoured again to use his left hand with success, but RANDALL stopped him. Some fine science was again displayed; and in struggling for the throw RANDALL was undermost. Turner was now bleeding copiously; and the claret was also running down from RANDALL's nose. A great burst of applause, at the close of this long round; and "Well done both," from all parts of the ring.

Seventh.—This was a tremendous round: and Turner seemed much distressrd in coming to the scratch. After a few exchanges, RANDALL closed, and went sharply to work on the weaving system, till they both went down.

Eighth.—This was also a fighting round, and Turner's left hand got into his opponent's face; but RANDALL in turn put in a sharp bodier. In closing, Turner was thrown.

Ninth.—When Time was called, Turner was about to commence play on RANDALL's side of the ring, when the latter said, "Keep your own side." This was a gallant round, and both fibbed each other in turn. In going down, RANDALL had the best of the fall.

Tenth.—This round was full of science, the hitting and stopping on both sides were of the finest order of the art. Turner complained that Randall had trod heavily upon his toe, and said, "do you call that fair, Jack?" Randall, in reply, answered, "I did not." In struggling for the throw, Turner threw Randall over him. "Bravo, Neddy, that's the time of day. There's a tan-yard for you; and the Bermondsey boys will fill it for you," says Owen.

Eleventh.—The best judges were still between hopes and fears upon the subject. Randall seemed to have the best of it; but the goodness of Turner was so well known, that he did not now even want for backers. RANDALL got Turner into the sun, and put in a tremendous hit on his left eye, that made him wink again. He however recovered himself, and gave his opponent a severe one in the bread-basket. In going down, Turner received a hit, which Owen said was foul, and called out to the umpires respecting it; but no notice was taken by the umpires, and it went off.

Twelfth. Turner hit his opponent right and left; but they did not appear heavy enough to alter the position of RANDALL, or reduce his strength. However, it was a most desperate round, 7 to 4 on RANDALL. Both down, and hard milling.

Thirteenth.—RANDALL put in a desperate snorter, that sent his nob back, and the claret followed in torrents; he repeated it, and Turner went down. RANDALL had now got upon the head-work, and left pinking at the body. This was the first knock-blow, and great shouting followed it.

Fourteenth.—It was really astonishing to witness the coolness with which Turner came up to the scratch after the tremendous punishment he had received in the last round. He also hit out right and left, and some severe exchanges occurred between them. In closing, Turner fibbed RANDALL with some effect, but the former went down. RANDALL for £100. The Patlanders all as gay as if Paddy Courtenay had been playing his pipes to them. "By de Powers, Jack can't lose it; but yet, Turner is a fine fellow.

Fifteenth.—A very sharp round. Good fighting on both sides. In closing, Turner got RANDAL' down, and also undermost.

Sixteenth.—A considerable pause be-

See inside, next page.

ore a blow was made, Turner, at length, et fly with his left hand on the body; but RANDALL put in so heavy a blow in Turner's mouth as nearly to dislodge his ivory, and the claret flowed profusely. In closing, Turner fibbed his opponent, but he fell down rather weak.

Seventeenth.—In this round, in struggling for the throw, Turner threw Randall out of the ring, and stood up, leaning over the ropes. "Bravo!" and great applause.

Eighteenth.—This round was the most ruffianing during the battle. Turner tried to use his left hand desperately, but was stopped. RANDALL rushed in to finish his man in style, but he missed his object. At length they both got into work, till Turner went down exhausted.

Nineteenth.—In this round Turner put in a sharp bodier, when Owen said, "Good, my boy, every little one helps;" when RANDALL's old forte broke out with fresh energy—in closing, he peppered the face of his opponent, like a footman's stylish knock at a door—it was, ditto, ditto, ditto, ditto, till Turner went down covered with blood. One hour and thirty-five minutes.

Twentieth.—Turner, however, came to the scratch smiling, and hit left and right, which Randall not only stopped, but again planted a severe facer, that brought forth the claret in torrents. In closing, both down.

Twenty-first.—Turner hit with his left hand on RANDALL's nose; and he also went down from the force of his own blow. RANDALL seemed a little exhausted from the work he had to perform, and was also bleeding at the mouth. In fact, this blow seemed to have had more effect than any he had received during the fight.

Twenty-second.—RANDALL ran Turner down, after an exchange of a few blows.

Twenty-third.—Fibbing, and Turner a bad fall. The latter appeared getting weak; but still full of courage.

Twenty-fourth.—Turner however, came first to the scratch, with undiminished confidence, and put in a smart right-handed hit on RANDALL's mug. "That's it," said Owen; "you know how to do it; go it again!" In the struggle, Turner also surprised the spectators with the strength that he possessed, in throwing RANDALL with great violence. ("Bravo, Turner—you are not beat yet!") two hours had now elapsed.

Twenty-fifth.—Turner astonished the ring by his coming up so cheerful; and some of the good judges did not know what to think of it, they said; and that it was not altogether so safe as many might imagine. RANDALL planted a slight hit, and slipped down.

Twenty-sixth.—Turner was first at the scratch, and hit RANDALL right and left, but they were not heavy. Sparring—RANDALL gave a second knock-down blow. (Tumultuous applause. And some of the Paddies singing out for joy, "Twas on a sweet May morning," &c.) RANDALL looked at his fallen foe, and stooped down, winking to his friends, as it were, that he thought it all right.

Twenty-seventh.—This was a well-fought round, and Turner put in some good hits. In going down, RANDALL was undermost. The water of life was here given to RANDALL. At this stage of the battle, upwards of two hours having elapsed, it was truly extraordinary to witness such exertions on both sides. Turner hit Randall right away from him; but the latter followed Turner up, till a terrible struggle took place in closing. Turner also stopped a severe blow aimed at him by RANDALL, and in return he planted a sharp hit on the NONPAREIL'S jaw.

Twenty-eighth.—Turner again nobbed his opponent with his left hand, but he was floored from a tremendous body hit. The Paddies now were outrageous in their shouting, and "It's all your own, Jack. Only one more such, and the battle is over." The Taffies now looked rather blue; and long faces were the order of the day amongst them.

Twenty-ninth.—Notwithstanding the heavy flooring hit Turner experienced in the last round, he came up to the scratch as cool as a cucumber. Turner also commenced fighting, and endeavored to do some execution with his left hand, but RANDALL stopped him. In a close, both down. Two hours and ten minutes had expired.

Thirtieth.—Turner left the knee of his second first, and quite satisfied the ring, that the fight was not out of him. He made some good exchanges, till both went down.

Thirty-first.—The face of Turner was dreadful—it was one mass of claret—but his eyes were open, and he fought as cool as if he had only commenced the fight. "Take him away—he's too game," was the cry. "He's an ancient Briton," says Tom Owen: "we won't lose it; he's only got a scratch upon his face." "He's an honor to his country," exclaimed a gallant Irish Colonel. "And here's the tight little Irish boy," observed Tom Oliver.—"Both NONPAREILS," from all parts of the ring. Turner was again floored from a severe hit in the body. In this round a circumstance occurred, which might have proved the overthrow of RANDALL, if it had not been prevented. BAXTER offered to bet £5 upon Turner; when Oliver warmly observed, that he would lay him £10 to £5 three times over, and was leaving his man to come and stake; but he was called upon by RANDALL's patron not to quit him for an instant. Jem Belcher lost the fight with Cribb, in consequence of his second staking the money, thus giving time for Cribb to recover his wind.

Thirty-second.—The brave Turner, undismayed, again met his man; but went down from a blow. While on his second's knee, he was advised to give in; but his manly heart would not suffer him to say NO; his tongue refused its utterance.

Thirty-third.—The state of Turner now appeared so piteous, and his bravery so much the praise of the spectators, that several persons cried out—"Do not let him fight any more." "Don't say that, Gentlemen," replied Owen; "he is worth twenty beaten men!" Turner, however, went down from a facer.

Thirty-fourth and last.—The admiration of all the persons present was expressed in viewing Turner again come to the scratch; and although in a state of exhaustion, yet fight cool, collected, and as game as a pebble. After some other hits, a blow on the left side of Turner's head floored him, that he could not come to time.—Two hours, nineteen minutes, and thirty seconds, had elapsed.

The first act of RANDALL, on being pronounced the victor, was to push the crowd away from him, and to clasp the hand of his fallen brave foe, with much zeal and friendship; while Turner, nobly disdaining animosity, gently patted the prime Irish boy on his back, in token that he was the best man, and had won the battle nobly and in gallant style. The amateurs applauded both of them, and pronounced them the two best Bits of Stuff, of their weight, in this country.

Turner, on being repeatedly urged to give it in, indignantly spurned such advice, asserting, that he could yet win the battle. His brother (Mr. Baxter) at length insisted that he should fight no longer, which put an end to the contest. On victory being declared in favour of RANDALL, Turner was immediately carried from the ground, by Sutton, in a very distressed state, to a neighbouring farm-house, put to bed, and every attention and assistance administered to his wants that humanity could suggest. It is well known that heavy as the blows were, added to the extremety of pain he must have felt from the severity of punishment he had received, were "trifles light as air," in comparison to the anguish of defeat. He was very ill, but complained most of the body blows. RANDALL, in the course of the Saturday evening, arrived in town, anxious to meet his better-half and son; the latter was about two years old.

The English Ring.

THE GREAT CONTEST

Between Hayes and Jones, for £200 a side and the Championship of the Light Weights.

This great affair, which has been the talk since the great fight between Brown and Orme for the Championship of England, was to have taken place on the 15th of November, near London. We expect to publish in our next a full and detailed account of the battle. The following report of the preparations making for the fight, &c., we take from Bell's Life of Nov. 13th:

FIGHT FOR TUESDAY NEXT.

WILLIAM HAYES AND JOHN JONES OF PORTSMOUTH, FOR £200 A SIDE AND THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE LIGHT WEIGHTS.

The long-talked-of battle between these well-known professors of the pugilistic art comes off, as our readers are aware, on Tuesday next, within 100 miles of the metropolis; and, from the excitement which it is creating in the fistic world, we anticipate seeing such a muster of the admirers of the art as has not been excelled, if, indeed, it has been equalled, in modern times. It will be recollected that the men contended for a stake of £50 aside some two or three years back, when neither of them stood so high on the ladder of fame, when Hayes, after a protracted struggle of rather more than three hours, was proclaimed the victor, Jones having been rendered completely blind by the repeated visitations to his optics. The gallant Jones attributed his defeat partly to want of preparation, and partly to the clever tactics of Hayes in evading his determined rushes. He had never before met with a man possessing similar powers of avoiding punishment, and alleged that had he been aware of the style of his adversary's fighting he would have been better prepared to cope with him, and would have turned the scale the other way. As it was he had been taken by surprise, and thus had suffered defeat. Ever since that engagement he has been anxious for another shy with his clever opponent, and small sums have been repeatedly staked for fresh matches, all of which, however, have gone off when the time for drawing up articles has approached. This has generally been caused by some inability or indisposition on the part of the Portsmouth hero, or his friends, to agree to some stipulation required on the other side. Previous to their former encounter it will be recollected Hayes fought two protracted battles with Ned Donnelly, both of which ended in draws, neither man being able to get a decided lead. Subsequently the gallant Jones also encountered Donnelly, and it will be fresh in the recollection of our readers that, after a terrible battle in January last, this also ended in a draw, darkness having put a stop to further hostilities. Both men were fearfully punished, and it was just a question of time as to how victory would have declared itself. On a renewal of the combat, later in the year, another tremendous struggle took place, but this time, although Jones received as much punishment as would have satisfied any two ordinary mortals, he persevered, and at length, by a lucky hit on the point of the jaw, succeeded in rendering the Glasgow lad deaf to "time." This victory, won as it were, out of the fire, appeared to give Master Jones fresh confidence, and again was a match made between him and Hayes, but when it came to drawing articles and staking a second deposit "the possibles" on his side were not forthcoming, and Hayes received forfeit. More nibbles followed, until at last Jones was taken in hand by some of Jem Burn's patrons, and also by some of the flock of the respected prelate and metropolitan of all Bond-street, and Hayes, being nothing loth, the nail was clinched, and articles were duly signed, it being stipulated that the men should be in the ring between ten and eleven, and that they should fight in sparrowbills, which should be inspected by us on the Friday previous to the battle. The former proviso was inserted as it was known that Hayes was a "sticker," and that in these short days, if an early commencement was not insisted upon, in all probability no definite conclusion could be arrived at—a state of affairs by no means desired by the friends of either man, both of whom have on more than one occasion been put to great expense for second training, owing to the draws that have taken place in the course of their engagements.

The agreement respecting the sparrowbills was deemed advisable on account of the great length of the nails hitherto used under the name of sparrowbills—nails which have inflicted inconceivable injuries to the feet of several men in recent battles. The men have been in active training for some time past, and are reputed to be in tip-top fettle, and both eager for the mill. They are not confined to weight but they will be about 10st. each. As the time for the commencement of hostilities is fixed for so early an hour, an unusually early departure from London becomes unavoidable; but to this we think the lovers of a mill will not object on the occasion of so inviting a contest as the one in question. Fast vessels have been engaged for the excursion, tickets for which can only be obtained at Jem Burn's, Rising Sun, Air-street, Piccadilly; Dan Dismore's, King's Arms, Smart's-buildings, Holborn; Alec Keene's, Three Tuns, Moor-street, Soho; Mr. Moor's, Old Rum Puncheon, Moorfields; and the Bishop's Palace, in Bond street. The whereabouts may be learned at most sporting houses, but this, our readers must bear in mind, the start will be from London, and not later than seven o'clock, as many miles have to be gone over ere the appointed spot can be reached. The following have been selected to act as ring-keepers on the occasion:—Inspector Adams, Tom Sayers, Charley Mallett, Mike Madden, Barry Noon, Tom Maley, Crockett, Young Sambo, Massey, Alec Reed, Spider, Jem Cross, and Duncan. In conclusion, we can only hope that all the ring-keepers will do their duty; that there will be a clear stage and no favor; that both men will do their best to win; and that the mill will bear comparison with the numerous gallant and exciting contests we have had during the present year, which, combined with the improved conduct of the pugilists themselves, have tended more to restore the fallen fortunes of the P.R., than all the battles that have taken place for many years before. The amount of fare will be such as to prevent unpleasant intruders at the ring side. SAYERS and SAM EAST have been appointed caterers on this occasion, and we have no doubt they will provide the best of wines, viands, &c.

Sporting News.

Home Department.

THE PRIZE FIGHT

Between Dominic Bradley of Philadelphia, and Hugh Sloan of Baltimore,

Thursday, Dec. 1st, 1853.

GREAT EXCITEMENT AMONG THE FANCY.

The Police on the Look Out.

SPIES IN THE CAMP.

The Country Shoulder-hitters.

Phœnixville in an Uproar.

TRIUMPH OF BRADLEY, AND HIS SUBSEQUENT ARREST.

The *usually* quiet city of Philadelphia has been in a great commotion during the past week, owing to a match for a prize fight having been entered into between Dominic Bradley, the keeper of a porter house in Pasyunk Road, above Carpenter street, Moyamensing, and a young man named Hugh Sloan of Baltimore.

Until the past week the affair was known by few except those within the magic circle, in good standing, and no backs-debts, standing against them. Those in arrears will please take the hint. The match was made to fight according to the latest rules of the Prize Ring, in a 24 foot ring, half minute time. The stakes were $300 aside, which were made up without the least difficulty, and placed in the hands of a responsible person who was appointed stakeholder. The toss for choice of ground having been made, Bradley was declared the winner, and immediately, in connection with his friends commenced to reconnoitre, in order to find a good spot whereon to "pitch the tent." Perseverance is always sure to meet its reward, and so it proved in this case, for Bradley, having accidentally stumbled upon the flourishing village of Phœnixville in his rambles, and having made known his errand to the worthy inhabitants, he received such courteous treatment from them, and such munificent offers, that he concluded to give the benefit of the exhibition to the worn-out pugilistic fraternity of Phœnixville, their wives, sisters and friends. Clinching the bargain by a little something all around, in which the police and other disinterested parties of Philadelphia took a prominent part, Bradley took his departure from the hospitable grounds of Phœnixville, and returned to town, well pleased with his trip.

Matters having progressed favorably thus far, and the "spot" having been selected, and made known to the "other side," preparations were made for the coming contest. Of the men, we know little, never having heard their names in connection with the pugilistic art. They seemed to have dropped suddenly among us, for the purpose of keeping up the "manly art of self-defence," which seems to have fallen off considerably of late in the quiet and orderly city of Philadelphia. There seems to be a question of nationality in the matter, Sloan being backed by the Baltimoreans, and Bradley receiving the aid of his Philadelphia friends. On Wednesday, the day before the battle, things began to wear a lively aspect among the "boys," and many inquiries were made for the "rail-road depot." Hundreds from Baltimore and Philadelphia took passage that afternoon, so as to be on hand in time. A posse of police started to see the fun, but having got in the "wrong cars," under the advice of the "boys," they did not succeed in reaching the right "spot," and thus missed the sport. A few, however, in good standing, in order to make things sure, stuck close to the "boys," who, not being able to shake them off, determined to "put them through."

The "spot" was well chosen, being between two hills, (something in the style of the "spot at Boston Corners,") the sloping sides of which afforded a fine view of the combat. Two rings were made, the outer or larger ring being for the accommodation of those who were able to pay to see the fun, and the privileged members of the press, the police, and others of a like refined order.

The cars having vomited forth their loads of shoulder-hitters, the latter made their way to the ground. About 2 o'clock, everything being in readiness, the way was opened, and in a few moments appeared

The Men.

Bradey looked well, though it was apparent that he had not received sufficient training to bring him to a proper state of perfection for a prize fight. He is strong and well built, his figure having a peculiar beauty about it, which at once attracts the attention of the spectators. His weight was 175lbs. His opponent, Sloan, is rather of a more delicate build, and it was easy to discern at a glance that he was not in a fit condition to contend with his more powerful opponent. His weight was about 155lbs., which gave his adversary considerable advantage. Both men looked confident, Sloan, however, appearing rather more so than his competitor, though what ground he relied upon for the victory we are at a loss to determine. At about 10 minutes past 2 o'clock, time was called, and after a friendly shake of the hand, the men put themselves in attitude for

The Fight.

ROUND 1.—The men appeared anxious to go to work at once, for Sloan sent out a feeler, but didn't succeed in getting on; Bradley made a rush, and both went down.

ROUND 2.—There seemed to be trouble outside the ring, as well as in. Some of the police officers, thinking they could whip both men without half trying, tried to force their way in, just as Bradley thought he hit Sloan. Two of the officers succeeded in getting into the ring, but not being dressed in the fighting suit, the boys didn't like their appearance. The officers, however, determined to "go in," but the boys thinking they would spoil the sport, tried to coax them out by promising to give them a chance as soon as the first fight was over, but nothing would do—they thought it was a free fight, and that they had a right to contend for the Championship as well as the others. This was too bad—a couple of outsiders trying to spoil the sport—but we heard a little rumbling in the distance—it came nearer—"give him a punch in the head," said one of the boys, and the head of one of the officers was punched—this was the signal—the crowd rushed in, the outer ring was broken up, and the officers were compelled to wait till the fight was over. To show how wrong it was in the officers to interfere, a country Sheriff and a police officer threatened to arrest them if they didn't vamos. In this round the Phoenixville shoulder-hitters showed out quite prominent, as it was owing to one of these striking out so scientifically that the punch was given to the officer' head. Thus ended the second round and no blood spilt.

ROUND 3.—The police having been put on allowance for the balance of the day, with a body guard around them, took things quite cooly, and actually looked upon the combatants with as much delight as if they had money bet on the result. In fact, they behaved themselves much better than they have obtained credit for. Bradley thinking it was time to make himself felt, lunged out his right, catching his opponent on the nose, drawing the claret in great profusion. First blood for Bradley.

ROUND 4.—Sloan notwithstanding the effects of the last round, came up to the scratch in good time, and immediately went to work, and with his right "squeezed" his opponent over the eye, almost drawing the curtain.

ROUND 5.—A rush, a clinch, some spanks on Sloan's nob, and both on the floor.

ROUND 6.—Sloan getting weak, his confidence beginning to desert him, and the hugging which he received from Bradley, caused him to breathe hard and quick. This round all in Bradley's favor.

ROUND 7.—Sloan could not reach his opponent's nob, but caught a rather heavy cut in recovering himself. Best fellow down first.

ROUND 8.—Ding, dong, bang, and squeeze—great fighting—who taught them? "Give him another, Dom, and he's gone," but Dom and his friend were in a loving embrace on the floor.

ROUND 9.—Sloan bleeding considerably, and weak in the knees. Bradley sent in another and rushed in and threw his man.

ROUND 10.—Sloan going very fast—another rally—another loving embrace, and overcome with their feelings, both men sank upon the ground determined to stick by each other, or get whipped in the attempt. The heavy fall had told severely upon Sloan, and we thought he would not be able to come up to the scratch again, but we were mistaken, he still loved his friend, and went in for another hug.

ROUND 11.—Sloan came up slow and weak—his face pretty well ornamented and the blood still flowing from the different wounds. Bradley was not any too strong, either; he evidently wished himself well out of the fight, and it was only the weak and bruised condition of his competitor that imparted a degree of courage to him, and enabled him to use himself as he did. Sloan tried to get in one, but was stopped by Bradley, who returned rather sharply upon the ornamented frontispiece of his opponent, opening afresh an old sore. Sorry for what he had done, and anxious to embrace his friend again, he rushed in, Sloan, nothing loathe to reciprocate the kindness, met him with open arms, and in a moment both were clasped in a fond and loving embrace. Thinking they could rest themselves upon the turf better than by standing up, they determined to "go down," but very unfortunately, Sloan went down just one second too soon, as his firm friend accidentally fell upon him, almost crushing the breath out of him.

After rolling about a little, both men were taken to their corners, the dust brushed off them, and a little eau-de-vie administered to Sloan, but he did not like it—his head hanging upon the arm of his second, and before he could recover, time was called.

ROUND 12.—Which was no round at all, Bradley alone coming up to the scratch, and not meeting with his loving friend, he almost determined to take another roll upon the ground, "just for the fun of the thing," but after a second thought he looked for the officers who wished to take a hand in the free fight, but they had gone to take a drink, and with the cheers of his friends, Bradley was declared the victor, after fighting twenty-one minutes.

Remarks.

Our readers will at once perceive from our description of the battle, that we consider the whole affair more of a burlesque than a regular Prize Fight. Neither man seemed to possess the slightest scientific abilities. The men were not ably seconded, particularly Sloan. Altogether, the prize fight was just no prize fight at all. It was more of a fight calculated to make fun for the million than to show out the requisites necessary in the manly art of self-defence.

A correspondent, writing on the subject, sends us the following,

Philadelphia, Dec. 2d, 1853.

MR. EDITOR:

With regard to scientific skill as to prize fighting, the display on Thursday was a decided failure. The men were completely raw; ignorant of the first principles of the art; untaught in any school; unknown to the list of fame; unheard of by the profession; and what is more, untrained and unpractised.

From such material, of course nothing that could delight and excite the admiration of the beholder could be expected; nevertheless, the gallant little volunteers enlisted a good deal of attention, and occasioned some smart fun.

The men showed undoubted pluck, and it was only through random hard-hitting that Bradley became ultimately the victor. Sloan, I am sorry to say, was not well supported—he couldn't spread himself, owing to counsellors—else he would certainly have done better. Yet, he is not built for the ring, and never would make a scientific prize-fighter. He cannot endure hard-hitting on account of the delicacy of his constitution, and has neither bottom nor stiength, for the same reason. The rumor that he was a pupil of Sullivan, is false; Sloan never learnt how to fight in his life, and never took a lesson from Yankee. That's what he told me, at least.

In connexion with Bradley, he is a much superior man than his antagonist, and would eventually become a professional boxer, were he to exercise and cultivate his strength and activity. With a good trainer, I dare say, in a twelvemonth he could throw the gauntlet to many of more pretensions than himself. I understand that he intends to be a competitor for pugilistic fame, and after selling out his stock, will go to England to seek study and renown.

Bradley Arrested.

The victor in the late Prize Fight has been arrested, and will probably have to try another match with the proper authorities. He should go into training at once, and get some good Philadelphia Lawyer to instruct him how to "put himself through."

Sloan, we believe, has returned home, not very well pleased with his late excursion.

Thus ends the great Philadelphia Prize Fight.

Who's the next customer.

Bradley's Card.

Since writing the above we have received the following card, which speaks for itself:

TO THE PUBLIC:

A few brief words to a candid public will show that the appellation of "prize-fighter," "blackguard," and such like, is not justly applied to me. While in the pursuit of my legitimate business, having no claims or pretensions to the character of a fighting man, I was repeatedly insulted in the public streets by men occupying respectable positions in the county of Philadelphia, simply because I had the good or bad fortune to be identified with a different wing of the same political party. Continuing this course of procedure towards me, Hugh Sloan called at my residenee, and frequently insulted and challenged me to fight, designating me as a paltroon and coward, until (foolishly it may be) I could submit to it no longer; and then, and then only, smarting under insult and reproach, did I agree to fight. These are the facts, as can be shown by many persons of respectability and character. On my return to the city, having no desire to evade the laws that I may have violated, I surrendered myself to Alderman Allen, of this county, and gave bail to answer any charge that might be made against me. Again, on a number of the Marshal's Police calling for me, I promptly obeyed the summons, and am now awaiting the action of the proper authorities; having at no time sought the fight, or endeavored to evade the law. Respectfully,

DOMINICK BRADLEY.

Still Later.

Several Custom House officers and other public men have been arrested for participating in the Prize Fight.

The Hurdle Leaping.

Mickey Free's match to jump 1000 hurdles in 3 hours, is to take place on the 26th of December, on the Bergen Plank Road, a few miles from Jersey City. Mickey is going into training, and will make known full particulars of the match in our next. There is quite an excitement among our Jersey friends in regard to the match, and much sport may be anticipated on the 26th.

THE TURF.

UNION COURSE, L. I., Friday, Dec. 2, 1853.—Trotting Match for $500, mile heats, 250lb wagons.

I. Woodruff names s. g. Reindeer	1 1
H. Woodruff names c. g. Brimston	2 2

Time, 2:50½ 2:47.

This was a well contested trot and a heavy betting race. Previous to scoring, Brimston was the favorite at $100 to $80; after scoring, the odds changed on Reindeer. The second heat was very close, Reindeer winning the race by a neck.

Monday, Nov. 28th, 1853—Trotting match for $500. Mile heats, best 3 in 5 to harness.

W. Wheelan names br. g. Emigrant	Received forfeit.
G. Scarff names r. g. John May	Paid forfeit.

CENTREVILLE COURSE, L. I., Thursday, Dec. 1, 1853—Running race for $100 a side. Half mile out.

D. G. names br. h. May Fly	1
B. Warner names s. m. Jersey Maid	2

No time taken.

Immediately after, a purse of $25, for trotting horses. Mile heat. Wagon and driver to weigh 395 lbs.

J. S. Suydam names br. g. Ratcatcher	1 1
C. Watts names br. m. Katy Darling	2 2
C. Carl names g. m. John	3 3
W. Powell names g. m. Belle Kate	Drawn.
S. Conklin names br. g. Frank Forrester	Drawn.

Time, 3:10½—3:3½.

CAMBRIDGE TROTTING PARK, Thursday, Nov. 24, 1853.—There was a smart trot between Blue Morgan and Black Hawk Maid to harness, which resulted in favor of Blue Morgan in two straight heats. Time 2:38½—2:33½. On Wednesday next there will be two trials of speed, one between Alice and Mary Price, and the other between Blue Morgan and Black Hawk Maid. This will be the last trot of the season. Sporting men and amateurs must go early.

GREAT MATCH AT NASHVILLE, TENN.—The lovers of the sports of the Turf in this corner of creation are anxiously awaiting the "turning up" of the 3d of December next. On that day a great match race is to come off on the Nashville Course. Three mile heat, for $5,000 a side, between A. & O. Towles' Cordelia Reed, by Wagner, and of Eudora by Imp. Priam, 3 years old, and Stockholder, 5 years old. We shall give the result of this match next week.

RED EYE AND NINA.—We learn that these celebrated racers have been placed in the same stable, under the charge of Capt. John Belcher, the trainer of Red Eye, and have been taken South together. The "tracks" of the South will hear from Old Virginia in the great races to come off at Charleston and New Orleans.

The Brooklyn Hoax.

This affair, which we briefly noticed in our last, has merited and met with the disapprobation of all lovers of sport. We desire to correct an error into which we were led last week. We then stated that Messrs. Williams and Dorcy were doubtless aware of the hoax intended, but we have since learned that they were in no way implicated in the sham. The following letter from Dorcy gives what we believe to be a true statement of the case:

Brooklyn, Nov. 29th, 1853.

To the Editor of the Clipper:

SIR;—Some days ago I received an invitation from Amos Saunders to pick up 100 stones, 1 yard apart, on the grounds of the City Park, corner of Hudson Avenue and Nassau street, for a purse of $100, to come off on Thanksgiving day, and the purse to be made up by a person or persons unknown. I kindly accepted his invitation, and appeared ready on the day mentioned, when to my astonishment no purse was to be found; and of course, as there was nothing to run for, I left the ground satisfied as to the trick. I was more astonished when on entering the Nassau Hotel to find the following posted up:

Notice.

"A few days ago a *match* was made up between Amos Saunders and James Dorcy, for $100; and the said Amos Saunders is ready to put the amount up at Dan. Treadwell's, and he will not run unless the same is made.

Where is Dorcy's friends?

Saunder's friends are on the ground.

(Signed) AMOS SAUNDERS."

If the facts are as above stated, we must say that Dorcy has not been fairly treated by either Sanders or the keeper of the Nassau Hotel; and it would appear that those persons alone were fully acquainted with the real facts of the case. The following is a copy of a handbill circulated throughout Brooklyn a few days previous to the day announced for the sport:—

EXCITEMENT.—A purse of $100 will be contended for, in picking up 100 stones, placed one yard apart, between Amos Sanders and James Dorcy on Thanksgiving day, at 11 o'clock, at Dan Tredwell's, corner Nassau and Hudson avenue, Brooklyn.

When Dorcy ascertained that there was no purse made up, he very properly refused to enter upon the contest. If there had been a purse as announced, Sanders could have laid claim to it, after the withdrawal of Dorcy, if he had gone on with the feat himself. But he was "all right—Mr. Tredwell was too busy in attending to his customers to give any satisfaction as to the whereabouts of the purse, and thus the spectators were outrageously hoaxed. Look out in future.

Brooklyn, Nov. 29th, 1853.

MR. EDITOR,

Sir,—be kind enough to insert the following in the next number of the Clipper.

Jack Williams is rather surprised at not hearing from James Dorcy after all his blowing about running, if he means running and not talking. I will run him from 100 yards to 5 miles, or give him 10 yards start in a quarter of a mile, for two or three hundred dollars. The match can be made any night this week, at the White House, corner of Jay and Concord street, Brooklyn.

J. Williams.

THE BALL SEASON.

Reported by our special correspondent.

BALLS TO TAKE PLACE.

L. C. Grimes Guard, Jan. 16.
Storer Guard, Dec. 20.

Our Cruise for the week.

A TRIP AMONG THE DANCERS.

During the past week we took a little cruise in company with our ball going friends, to see the sights, and make a note thereof. Our first stopping place on Wednesday, Nov. 30, was at the City Assembly Rooms, where our friends of the Willett Guard, were having a joyous time to the merry notes of Shelton's orchestra. Beautiful ladies and attentive beaux made up a gay and festive scene. In addition to the regular orchestra, a company of vocalists styled "McCormick's uproar troop," gave some good quartettes, &c., which pleased us mightily, but we also heard, which pleased us most, "three hearty cheers given for the New York Clipper." Maretzek and Jullien are after the opera troop. We retired about 11 o'clock, when everything was progressing harmoniously to the tune of "Pop goes the weasel."

The Apollo being close at hand we dropped in for a few moments, where we found the "Young Men's Mechanic's Association," enjoying themselves with their gentle and witching partners of the fairer portion of creation. The Association is composed of the bone and sinew of the 4th and 7th wards. The ball was a fine one, and reflected great credit on the management. Among the ladies present, we noticed Miss C——y of M——street, in company with her brother. This youug lady was greatly admired. Among the gentlemen, we observed Crockery and other of our Division street friends. To officers Lord and Stansbury attaches of the Apollo Rooms, for their kindness, we are indebted also to Messrs. Morrison, Fitzgerald, Froil and other members of the Association for their courtesies.

A full report of the ball given by American Engine Co., No. 6, at the City Assembly Rooms, on Tuesday evening last, will be given in our next.

Also a report of the ball of Lady Washington Hook and Ladder Co., No. 1 of Williamsburgh, which came off on Monday evening last.

Target Excursions, &c.

Notice.

Target Companies will oblige us by handing in their favors on Tuesday, if possible. Our immense edition renders it absolutely necessary that we should go to press on Wednesday. Write plain, and on one side of the paper only.

EXCURSIONS TO TAKE PLACE.

Yellow Metal Musketeers, Dec. 25.
Lyon & Haff Guards, Dec. 19.
Daniel Donovan Guards, Dec. 26.
Storer Guards, Dec. 5.
Forsyth Guards, Dec. 21.
Capt. Ingraham Guards, Dec. 26.

2d Company Chatham Guard.

This celebrated corps, the father of several of our crack companies, intend making their seventh annual parade for target practice on the 28th of December next. Although several companies have branched off from them, yet they still hold their own, and considerable more. They number one hundred and seventy-eight initiated members, under the command of the gentlemanly and efficient Captain John Graisly, so well known in military circles. The Fritz Guard, of Philadelphia, are to be the guests of the above company during their stay in this city.

At a meeting of the above company, held at Headquarters, on Wednesday, 20th Nov., 1853, it was unanimously resolved: That the Editor and associates of the New York Clipper be requested to honor us with their company on our coming annual target excursion, being our 7th.

Sawyer Guard.

This company, composed of the "Bold Soger Boys" of the 9th Ward, under the command of Capt. John J. Gorman, made their first annual parade for target practice, on Thursday, Nov. 24th. They mustered 25 muskets, and proceeded to Mount Vernon, where they were received by the Mount Vernon Guard, Capt. Thos. Sanderson, (to whom they are under many obligations.) After riddling the target in good style, they sat down to a sumptuous dinner provided by that "Prince of Good Fellows," Mr. George Gould, of the Mount Vernon Hotal, after which the prizes were awarded as follows:

1. Silver Mounted Fowling Piece, presented by Mr. N. Sawyer, won by Lieut. H. Wilson.
2. Ton of Coal, by D. H. Nevins, won by J. McCauley.
3. Gold Pen and Pencil Case, by J. H. Westervelt, won by Orderly W. Drummond.
4. Do. by Mr. McIntosh, won by J. Connely.
5. Do. Silver Case, by Mr. R. H. Wright, won by J. Finch.
6. Do. by Mr. Lester, ——
7. Shakespeare's Works, by a Lady, won by Lieut. T. E. Kemp.
8. Order for a Vest, by W. R. McKimm, won by G. Tyson.
9. Wreath, by a Lady, won by Wm. McCauly

American's Own Guard.

The excursion of this company took place on Monday, Nov. 21st. Although the weather was disagreeable, the sports of the day gave much satisfaction. The prizes contended for were awarded to the following named gentlemen: 1st prize, Gold Pencil, Geo. W. Bohn; 2d, Lady's Gold Pin, Thos. J. Cooper; 3d, Gent's Gold Pin, H. D. Ransford; 4th, Silk Regalia of the O. U. A., John Titus; 5th, Gold Locket, J. T. Colwell; 6th, Gold Pin, Tyler McCleese; 7th, Beautiful Scarf, Edward P. Fonda; 8th, Beautiful Wreath, presented by Mrs. Thomas Willey to the Company, won by Charles Douglass. The company was under the command of Capt. Chas. H. Bell, and spent the day at Bull's Ferry. Mrs. Ward, of Montgomery street, presented a set of guide flags to the company.

The Hod Carrier's Guard,

Of Green Point, Capt. John Caffrey, will go on their first annual excursion, to Astoria, on Monday, Jan. 2d, 1854, accompanied by the Williamsburg Brass Band.

Shishawsheepshank Light Guard.

We incorrectly stated last week that this company was composed of the "shorts" of the 8th Ward. It should have been the "sports" of the 8th. Our readers doubtless corrected the error. Our friends of the hard-name company are anything else but "*shorts*," judging by the *long* name they have adopted.

The Shandley Guard.

This crack company of young men made their second annual parade for target practice, on Monday, Nov. 21st, and despite the unpleasantness of the weather, made a creditable appearance, numbering 50 muskets. At 9 o'clock they formed and proceeded to the boat chartered for the occasion, and went to Sherry's Hotel, Pelham Bridge, where a sumptuous dinner was awaiting the company. Several valuable prizes were very warmly contended for, as the target bore evidence. The prizes were awarded as follows:—1st prize, a splendid silver pitcher, presented by E. J. Shandley, won by Lieut. Pearsall; 2d, a massive gold pen and pencil, by Mr. J. Shipsey, won by O'Neile; 3d, silver goblet, by Mr. Peters, won by N. Levens; 4th, silver sugar bowl, by Levi Banker, won by T. Shandley; 5th, silver cup, by J. Tipper, won by Capt. Newkirk; 6th, 1 doz. silver spoons, by Mr. Walton, won by Geo. Spies; 7th, set of gold studs, by Mr. Chetic, won by S. Pike; 8th, pair of patent leather boots, by Mr. McLean, won by H. W. Chapman; 9th, a grooving plane, by Mr. Belch, won by N. Lee; 10th, five dollar gold piece, won by W. Fick; 11th, five dollar hat, won by T. Belch; 12th, a box of segars, by Mr. Fick, won by Davenport.

The York State Guard,

Capt. John H. Ward, numbering 35 muskets, went on their first annual target excursion to Mr. David Pollock's, Hoboked, on Thursday, Dec. 1st. The following prizes were awarded:

1st. A Silver Cake Basket, presented by Mr. John Fagan, won by J. Sheridan.
2d. A Silver Cake Basket, presented by Mr. Bernard Gaffrey, won by Patrick McKeevers.
3d. A Silver Cup, presented by Mr. John Fay, won by Andrew Killien.
4th. A Set of Silver Spoons, presented by Daniel Gallagher, won by Charles Jennings.
5th. A Gold Locket, presented by Mr. Patrick Duffy, won by Captain John H. Ward.
6th. A Gold Pencil, presented by Mr. Thompson, won by Thomas Glancy.
7th. A Gold Pencil, presented by Mr. Patrick Kelly, won by Wiliam H. Wilson.
8th. A Gold Pencil, presented by Mr. Christopher Treacy, won by James Alvee.
9th. A Gold Pencil, presented by a Friend, won by Richard Tallis.

The Shapter Guard.

A very fine body of men, employees in the Allaire Works, and named in honor of Mr. John Shapter, foreman in the above establishment, went on their first annual excursion on Tuesday last, to Pollock's Mansion House, Hoboken. They had a very pleasant time. Twenty valuable prizes were contended for, among which was a most splended Silver Cake Basket presented by Mrs. Shapter. The company mustered Eighty men under the command of J. W. Randall.

The Target in Philadelphia.

An esteemed correspondent in the Quaker City has sent us the following particulars relative to the target movement in Philadelphia, which we take great pleasure in placing before our readers. There appears to be a difficulty among our Philadelphia friends in regard to procuring muskets with which to parade. Perhaps we can aid them in obviating this difficulty by recommending the plan adopted in this city. There are several personsin the business of loaning muskets in New York. A gunsmith, for instance: has a large number of muskets on hand, and he loans them out to target companies at the rate of two shillings each. Oftentimes he has several hundred loaned out in one day. Any injury to the musket is always willingly paid for by the borrower. Thus, you see, the musket is a source of great profit to the owner. There are two or three young men engaged in the business who merely hire the guns themselves, at the rate of sixpence each. The only trouble they are put to is the cleaning of them. If some of the gunsmiths of Philadelphia would enter into a speculation of the kind we are confident they would be well pleased with the profits accruing therefrom. Its a good chance for some enterprising man to procure a snug little paying business.

Here is our correspondent's letter. Read it:

Philadelphia, December 5th, 1853.

Target Companies.

GENTLEMEN:—As you have expressed a wish in your last week's paper, to be kept "advised of all matters connected with the target movement in this city," I have taken the liberty of addressing you upon the subject, hoping that the information may prove acceptable to your readers.

The companies formed, as far as I have been able to ascertain at present, are as follows:—

Hibernia Fire Engine Target Co., No. 1, Capt. James McDonough; 1st Lieut., John T. Doyle; 2nd do., Wm. E. Bird; 2d 2d do., Hubert Conwell; 3d do, F. W. Cole. This company paraded on Thanksgiving Day, numbering forty-six men, and looked and marched remarkably well. They proceeded to Gloucester and were accompanied by Henry's Band. Nine prizes were awarded to the successful shots.

Vigilant Fire Engine Target Co., No. 2.—This company intend parading on

would petition the next legislature to enact a law, whereby companies could procure arms from the State Arsenal, by giving security for their prompt return in good order.

Our citizens have long been wanting in military ardor, but I think the die is cast, and, hereafter, we shall have target excursions to our heart's content. You New Yokers must look to your laurels. We have got the right stuff if they will only give us a chance to show it.

Yours, D.

As our correspondent truthfully remarks, Philadelphia has long been in the back ground in regard to military matters, but we hope a change is about to take place. We think the authorities should assist by every means this new movement among our Philadelphia friends. Target companies in this city receive the cordial support and encouragement of the most talented and influential citizens. Prizes of the value of $100, $200, and $300 are often-times presented to our target companies to be shot for. Our citizens generally take a pride in seeing our young men endeavoring to make themselves proficient in the use of the musket, and in military tactics. We do sincerely hope the citizens will aid and encourage the new military movement in Philadelphia.

The Visitors.

The Fritz Guards of Philadelphia, who design visiting this city on the 31st inst., are to be the guests of the Chatham Guards, an old and influential company.

We hope a suitable escort will be tendered the visitors. It will assist in creating a feeling of harmony and good will between the citizens of the two greatest cities in the Union. Come, wake up, men, and show our Philadelphia friends to what an extent we have arrived in military affairs.

Hear him!

New York, Dec. 1st, 1853.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Clipper.

DEAR SIR:—Having notised a good meny challinges in your paper of late, frum this wun & that wun, to Fite, Lep, Run, and so fourth, accompenyd by a good dele of braggin', witch challinges I have not seen excepted, I tharefore saze this uppurtunity to inform the sed challingers that *I* am open to a frindly match at aither or awll of the abuv fates of stringth, science, and adgility.

I wus well raired, and have raught hard in me day, and am now considured by me frinds in me prime. I am 5 feet 15, weigh 10 stone, & sound in wynd & limb—any of the latter of witch I can use, me opponints will sune find out, to the utmost advantidge.

I am to be found wheriver seen, where awll prelimenarys can be arranged. The stakes must not be less than 5 hundred dollars, and me opponint to forfit wun hundred if he dusent come to the skratch, at the appointed time, whether I am thare or not.

Being a man of few manes, I have no monny to put up and promise most fethfully not to take the stakes, if I dont win them, but to take to me legs, and hide mesilf for iver afterwards.

Your Obadient Sarvint,
CON CONNOLLY.

Brooklyn, Dec. 5th, 1853.

To the Editor of the Clipper.

SIR: I should feel much obliged if you would contradict the statement relative to a race at the Brooklyn Park, on Thanksgiving day, as I knew nothing of the affair, the race having been got up between Dan Treadwell, Amos Saunders and James Dorcey. I will give James Dorcey 10 yards start in a quarter of a mile, or run him half a mile level, for as much money as he can raise—not less than $200. Money ready any time, at the White House, corner of Jay and Concord streets, Brooklyn. J WILLIAMS.

A VOICE FROM JERSEY CITY.

A Chance for Walkers.

To the Editor of the New York Clipper:

SIR:—I see that the walkers or sporting men as they call themselves, still like to blow a little, rather than accept any of the challenges offered them, and come up to the chalk at once. Also I see that purses are running low, and growing beautifully less, judging by their placing their stakes so much lower in their late challenges; so out of good will to my sporting friends the Deer, Stag, Star, Cricket, or any other one who wishes to try it on, and raise a few dollars if he can. I will offer a fair challenge just to keep my hand in, viz: as my match to jump 1000 hurdles comes off on the 26th of this month, I cannot come over to New York to try it on, as I must commence my training on Monday the 12th Dec., at Mr. Dodge's Hotel, on the Bergen Point Plank Road, where I will meet any or all of them, and make them welcome, and will walk with them 1, 2 or 3 miles on the Plank Road or on any other other ground near then, for any sum from $5 to $20 any day up to the 24th Dec., 1853. The money now ready, or if any one wishes to make arrangements previous to next Monday, just call upon C. F. Leslie, dealer in books, toys, newspapers, &c., No. 60 Newark Avenue, near Hudson st., for further information, or if they wish to see me personally. So just walk up, gentlemen, and run or walk, if not, please to blow a little less, as this is a plain and fair challenge, and for a small enough sum for any one to raise, I think.

Respectfully yours,
MICKEY FREE.

AMUSEMENTS.

For the past three months our theatres and other places of amusement have been unusually successful, and yet no extraordinary attractions were offered to induce such crowded assemblages as each night gathered at theatres, concerts, &c. The cause of this success can be only attributed to the vast numbers of strangers with which our city has been filled since the opening of the Crystal Palace. This out-side population having "seen the elephant," and having been satisfied with its "huge proportions," has quietly "returned to the places from whence it came," thus leaving the regular inhabitants to their *usual* domestic quiet and solitute. The theatres, in consequence, were the first to feel this falling off in our population, and consequent falling off in the treasury. The past week commenced the retrograde movement, and the present has thus far kept up that movement.

Wallack's Theatre,

Which commenced the season under such flattering auspices, has, by a system of mismanagement in several matters, suffered a re action of the backward order, which does not look well for the future success of the establishment. The first error committed was in selling more tickets than the house would hold, and then refusing to refund the money to those who had been "drawn in." The exposure of this bad movement, led to an explanation from the manager, if it could be called an explanation, in which he promised to do so no more. The next draw-back was the "set-to" between Miss Keene and the Stage Manager, in which the latter was turned into a *floored* manager, inasmuch as the public sided with the lady, for since the lady's absence from the establishment, the attendance has fallen off considerably. Though the American people may put up with English managers, yet they do not wish to be imposed upon by the English notions of economy and selfish interest, which the said English managers may bring with them from Hold Hengland. Wallack's Theatre we look upon as an English establishment, under English management. Those in the company, who are of English blood, are well cared for, a son of the Emerald Isle is thought to be "not quite the cheese." The benefits of the principal members of the company have been quite successful of late, with the exception of that of John Broham. This gentleman is an Irishman, and, as the Sunday Mercury truthfully remarks, his benefit seemed to have been kept a profound secret, for we doubt if any publicity was given of the fact until the day before the benefit was to have taken place. The consequence was, that Mr. Brougham, the Irish gentleman, and once manager of the theatre, played to an almost "beggarly account of empty benches." We hope our American and Irish friends will remember this fact.

Another little affair in which Dion Bourcicault figured quite prominent, has engaged public attention during the past week. Bourcicault is an English Lord or translator of French plays. He has attempted to foist upon the American people, a play which he would have us believe was entirely the work of his own brains. A critic discovered that the play, the Fox Hunt, was a translation of a French play, called Sullivan, and that the attempt to place it before the American people as original by Mr. Bourcicault was a theft, a literary theft, and that the author in question was as guilty of stealing, as he who is sentenced to the Tombs for pilfering a loaf of bread. Other plays have been brought out by this English Snob, but they all savor of Dickensisms, or something of the kind. The piece brought out at Wallack's last week, under the title of "A Cure for Coquettes," was played at the Park Theatre about 10 years since, and if we mistake Mrs. Wheatley, and Messrs. Brougham, Mossop, Henry Placide, &c. performed in it. It won't do. An English Snob comes among us, stinking with pride and selfishness—we puff him up, or at least we assist in keeping him puffed up—we extend him the courtesies which we are always too willing to bestow upon worthless importations—he sees our weak points, and lays his plans accordingly—in the end we see the folly of our course, but the Snob has left our shores, and is not heard of again until it is announced that Mr. So and so, our old friend the English Snob, has written a book on America, in which our people are held up to the world as so many barbarous savages, without one redeeming point. Is this not so? Does it not happen every year, and almost every month? This las English Snob has been caught in his dirt. His attempted imposition has been detected, and the crime of literary theft fastened upon him. He has been caught in the act, and is nailed tight. He will now have an opportunity to "write a book" to some purpose. Look out for the rest of these English Snobs.

The Broadway Theatre.

Is rather slimly attended of late, and it will require some great and extraordinary attraction to bring things up to the paying point.

The Bowery.

Mrs. Hamblin has closed her engagement at this establishment, the last week of which did not witness such large audiences as the first: Mrs. Hamblin has had her day! She was once looked upon as a beautiful woman, and a superior is faded, like her youth, and her voice has not that tingling sound of former years. The manager, in raising the price of admission to 50 cents to boxes, has not benefitted the Bowery in the slightest degree. We thought it was merely to continue during Mrs. Hamblin's engagement, but we see by the bills it is a settled thing. It may do, but we think otherwise, and we fear the success this old establishment has met with during the past year, will meet with a counter current before long.

The Italian Opera

At Niblo's is about "to cave in" again, after a short and disastrous season. One dollar prices don't suit our notions. We should think Italian Opera managers had become pretty well satisfied of the American idea of high-falutin music. To pay a dollar to listen to something you do not underetand, is rather "piling on the agony." We think we have had enough of the higher order of music to last us until the new opera house opens, which, we suppose, will not be very soon.

The Complimentary Concert to Mons. Palmo, on Saturday evening last, at Metropolitan Hall, proved a complete failure, the receipts hardly proving sufficient to pay expenses.

Briggs, the greatest banjo player in the United States, has been engaged by E. P. Christy, and is now performing at Mechanics' Hall, 472 Broadway.

Laura Keene is engaged at the Atheneum, Boston.

Christy's Minstrels.

This old company, at the old place, No. 472 Broadway, continues to attract large and respectable audiences nightly. The performance of the "Chinese Acrobats" is a laughable affair, and as it is original with this company, 472 is the only place to witness it. Jerry Bryant and Pierce are a team in themselves, and the beautiful melodies, as sung by Christy, combine to render Christy's Minstrels the most attractive in this city.

The National.

It is understood that the manager of this theater is about to make some further alterations, and will, it is said, in addition to theatrical performances, have a museum exhibition connected with his establishment. Hot Corn, a moral drama, was on Monday last, produced at this establishment. Uncle Tom continues to attract throngs.

Bourcicaultism.

The following joke about our old friend Booth, the tragedian, was *written by us*, but we shouldn't wonder if Bourcicault or Bunn claimed it as original with them. Strange to say, the proprietor doubled our wages on our reading it to him, so pleased was he with the joke, and to think that we made it expressly for the Clipper.

"Booth's Othello was much liked in America. An old Yankee who had never seen a play, was taken by us to the National Theatre to witness Booth's performance of the Moor; and on being asked at the termination of the piece, if he liked it, he replied, "Yes, amazing; but cuss me if I don't guess that little nigger (Othello) played as well as any o' the white fellers, if not better!"

Newsman's Joke.

A few days since, while passing the corner of Chatham and Orange streets, we noticed that our old friend Heather, who sells papers at that spot, had taken possession of the stand of a neighbor engaged in the retail stocking trade, at the same corner. We accosted the old man, and said "why, what's the matter---moved again?"

"Oh, no," replied the old man, "the boys about here are so wild they broke my table, but *very fortunately*, my neighbor's nephew died last night, so I am using his stand for to-day."

A Slight Mistake.

The following advertisement we cut from a Dublin paper:

"If the gentleman who shot a *greyhound* in mistake for a *hare*, near Trim, on Thursday last, will apply to H. B., Custom House, Dublin, he will hear of something to his advantage."[?]

The idea of a sportsman shooting a *dog* for a *hare* can't be an Irish *bull*, can it?

A Li e ly Work.

A new work, called "Life in Broadway," has just been published by Geo. W. Hill, No. 289 Broadway.

"The Feast of Reason."

A good plum pudding.

The "Great Republic."

This vessel, the largest clipper in the world, can now be visited by paying 12 cents, the proceeds to be devoted to benevolent institutions. The ship lies at Wall street.

Foot Race at Yonkers.

A young man calling himself Buttons, Jr., having challenged any young man in this vicinity to run a race, we understand his challenge has been accepted, but for ourselves believe the whole thing a hoax.

Look Out for it.

The account of the Battle between Hyer and Jones, in next week's Clipper.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

DECEMBER 10, 1853.

HARRISON TRENT, Proprietor.
FRANK QUEEN, Editor.

OUR WHOLESALE AGENTS
Ross & JONES, 21 Ann Street.
S. HALLOCK, 150 Fulton Street.
MIKE MADDEN, 47 Ann Street.
YATES & SEELY, 15 Ann Street,

Notice.

☞ Persons wishing to subscribe to the Clipper, will please send direct to our office, No. 150 Fulton street.

☞ OUR PHILADELPHIA AGENT, MR. A Winch, 116 Chesnut street, will supply newspaper dealers in Philadelphia with the Clipper a our regular wholesale rates.

Answers to Correspondents.

Johnny.—"Can you inform me if Miss Dawes, late of the Bowery Theatre, is in this city, and if she is, is she to appear here?" Miss Dawes is at present performing at the Chestnut street Theatre, Philadelphia.

F. Meegon, Utica, N. Y.—Your letter came safe to hand with the article enclosed.

H. L. W.—"1. Was Hammer Lane ever Champion of England? 2. If so, was Sullivan so considered after he had defeated him? 3 Did not Sullivan fight with a man by the name of Caunt, on Long Island, some years since? Was he any relation to the ex-champion? 4. What is the Tipton Slasher's age, weight and height? Has he ever had an opportunity to cope with any that Sullivan has beaten, and how nearly were they matched? 5. Can you not make arrangements to publish the Life of Sullivan on your firs page, including his fights in England?" 1 and 2. Hammer Lane was never Champion of England. 3. Sullivan fought with Robert Caunt, younger brother to the ex-Champion. 4. Perry, the Tipton Slasher, is 34 years of age, weighs 12 stone 10lb, and is 6 feet in height. 5. We commence the Battles of Sullivan in our next.

John Farnsworth, Toledo, Ohio.—Your letter, with $5 enclosed, received, which entitles you to four copies of the Clipper for one year, according to our terms; papers sent, commencing with Dec. 3.

Junius.—Charles Freeman, the American Giant, was 6 feet 10½ inches in height, and weighed 18 stone. He died of consumption, Oct. 18, 1845, aged 28. At his death he did not weigh over 10 stone. The full report of his battle with the Tipton Slasher will shortly be published in the Clipper.

R. Z.—"Is the opera of the Prophet, as performed at Niblo's, remunerative to the Manager?" The great expense attending the production of this opera, renders it next to impossible for the manager to derive much profit from the Prophet.

Jerry.—Awful Gardner beat Allan McPhee, on the 18th October, 1847, at the Palisades, North River, after fighting 69 minutes, during which time 32 rounds were fought.

Jeremiah Fisher.—$1 50 per annum. We send you a paper this week.

Awful Jakey, P. F.—1. Is it against the rules of the ring to come the drop game? 2. Who is at present the Champion of England? 3. Who won the fight between Bendigo and Paddock? 4. Which is the finest hose carriage in New York? 1. Most decidedly. 2. The Tipton Slasher. 3. Bendigo, Paddock having given a foul blow. 4. This is entirely a matter of taste, but we should say, that the Neptune Hose Carriage in the Crystal Palace, is the *finest* carriage at present in New York.

Maurice Harper.—We received your note, but for certain reasons, of which you are doubtless aware, refuse to publish its contents. We wish to be no party to a sham.

Buttons, Jr.—The same to you.

Joe Wiggins, Philadelphia.—We feel indebted for your disinfereested kindness. Have used part of your information in our report. Will be happy to hear from you again.

D—, Phila.—Thank you. Anything from you will be very acceptable. Hope the movement will prove successful.

Sunaway—Send a deposit.

CAUTION.

Having understood that sundry individuals are in the habit of using the name of this paper, in order to obtain admission to various places of amusement, &c., in this city, we hereby give notice that no person is authorized to use the name of the Clipper, for any purpose, whatever, except the Proprietor and Editor, who are the *only* representatives of the New York Clipper. Their names will be found at the head of the Editorial Department of the Clipper, and they alone are connected with its management. Those who have been duped, and all others interested, will please give attention to this notice.

The Life and Battles of Yankee Sullivan.

According to previous announcement, we will commence in the next number of the Clipper the Life and Battles in the Prize Ring of James Sullivan, the opponent of Hammer Lane, Secor, Caunt, Bell, Hyer, Morrissey, &c. This account will include the fights with the above-named pugilists, and many other interesting particulars.

The Life and Battles of Sullivan will be followed by full reports of all the great fights that have taken place in this country.

In the course of a few weeks we will publish a full report of the great battle between Freeman, the American Giant, and the Tipton Slasher.

The New York Clipper will be more than usually interesting in future, and no exertions will be spared to make it the greatest paper, in point of circulation and intelligence, published in New York.

That Gold Box.

What has become of that gold box designed to be presented to the most deserving volunteer in the Mexican War?

Sullivan.

Yankee Sullivan, like Burton, is engaged in Fox Hunting. We are afraid the pursuers will get tired of the chase, and give up the sport.

Important!

Don't forget that in our next week's Clipper we commence the publication of the Life and Fights of Yankee Sullivan. Sullivan having now retired from the ring, we will be enabled to make the work complete. Look out for it.

Gifts! Gifts!! Gifts!!!

The gay and merry times of the glad New Year are fast approaching, and old and young are looking forward to the day when each can impart happiness and delight to the heart of the other. How bright and cheering the prospect. Our Fancy Stores are already groaning with the weight of presents, and only await the coming of customers to lessen them of their burdens. How are customers to be apprised of this fact? By advertising, most assuredly. Some of you have never before advertised, while many who have, advertise in papers of limited circulation, and thus, while honestly endeavoring to increase their business, find their outlay entirely useless, and say that its no use to advertise, it dont do any good. So, in papers of small circulation, advertising is a loss instead of a benefit. "Well," say the storekeepers, "how are we to determine which paper has the largest circulation, and, consequently, which shall we advertise in; we can't tell," continue they, "for every publisher states that, this paper has the greatest circulation and therefore the most desirable medium for advertising." This is, undoubtedly, very true. Proprietors of newspapers generally make false statements in order to further their own ends, and advertisers are the sufferers.

Now let us recommend a plan to advertisers, by which they can with very little trouble, and no expense, ascertain the paper having the greatest circulation; it is this—"take a walk through the city stop at the news-stands and news-offices, seattered about, ask which papers sell best, pencil it down, and when you have finished your journey, and balanced accounts, we think you will have undeniable proof which paper it will be to your interest to advertise in. This is a good plan, and one that can not fail of being correct. Some of our fellow-laborers in the newspaper world may object to this test, saying that newsdealers will not care to give information which can be of no service to themselves. Don't believe it. Newsdealers are as polite and attentive to their customers as any other class of tradesfolk in this great empire city, and are as communicative and intelligent on matters of interest to the public at large, as a lawyer is on handing him a large fee.

Don't misunderstand us reader. We do not allude to daily papers. It is the weekly press we refer to. An advertisement in a weekly paper has more readers, and attentive ones, too, than one in a daily paper. A daily paper is read for its news only. A weekly is scanned from the first column of the first page to the last column of the last page. A weekly paper is read at leisure, when the toils of the day are over, and the man of business, the mechanic and the laborer, can peruse with comfort, its interesting contents.

Advertisers, in many cases, do not study their own interests. They are not sufficiently versed in the art and mystery of newspaper advertising. It is a subject that requries more attention than it generally receives. Thousands of dollars are annually expended in advertising, and yet no real benefit accrues to the advertiser. He sees his name in print; a hundred others, perhaps, read it, but that is all. An advertisement, to be of service, should catch the eyes of thousands; it should also be interesting in the manner of its composition, the articles advertised being woven in with jokes, interesting intelligence, or something of the kind, most calculated to catch the eye. This system of advertising is pursued by some, who derive great success from it. It is yet in its infancy, but will, doubtless, ere long, supersede the old fashioned mode of advertising.

Advertisers should study also in what class of paper it would be best to advertise their wares in. For instance, as a *general advertising medium, the Clipper is second to none*; but to those who sell gold and silver watches; jewelry of all kinds; hats and caps; guns and ammunition; horse's dogs; sporting accoutrements; prizes of whatever kind, mitable for target companies; the Clipper is invaluable. So it is to proprietors of eating and drinking saloons; race courses; theatres; museums; amusements of all sorts; so, also, to ball committees; to lessees of ball and concert rooms; to engravers and others engaged in getting up circulars and tickets of every description; to steamboat and rail-road companies, and in fact to many others whom we cannot now enumerate. A croaker may say why is it good for jewellers. We will tell him. In the first place all sporting gentlemen are fond of jewelry; in the second place most of the prizes presented on target excursions are jewelry of some description, and as we number among our many readers almost the whole army of target companies, it naturally follows that the Clipper is *the* paper in which to advertise.

We could follow this up, and show the benefits to be derived by those engaged in the above lines of business, by advertising in the Clipper, but we think enough has been said to place the subject of advertising in a correct light before our fifty thousand readers.

It will be to the interest of advertisers to think over this matter; to inquire more fully into the best system of advertising; to choose the paper most suited to their line of business; to select, however, the papers having the greatest circulations; to test which have the largest circulation, by the plan above suggested by us. A dollar *properly* expended in advertising will return *four-fold*. There is no mistake about this. Try it.

Ladies try it.

That annual season of festivity is rapidly approaching, when friendly visits become the order of the day, and the tidy house-wife gives an extra touch with the dust brush, and rubs up the glossy furniture of her neat little parlor, where she expects to receive the New Year visits of her friends. Don't forget, however, that your carpets are first observed by visitors, and if they are old and faded, a bad impression is created at once, and though every other article in the house may be scrupulously neat and clean, an ill-looking carpet may do you an injury in the eyes of your visitors, which you would have avoided had you taken the precaution to drop in at Hiram Anderson's Great Carpet Warehouse, No. 99 Bowery, and selected from his varied and extensive stock, one of those beautiful carpets, which he sells at such low rates. Think of this in time, and select a carpet in season.

We told you so.

You have chapped hands, have you? Well, we are not surprised. We are all liable to have them at this season of the year. We cautioned you weeks ago to prepare yourself for the cold season, and if you wished to be free from chaps, chafes, pimples and other eruptions of the skin, to purchase a cake of Dr. Gouraud's celebrated Italian Medicated Soap, and by using it regularly, you would not suffer from those disfigurements. However, try the remedy now, and you will become satisfied with its beneficial effects. Dr. Gouraud's celebrated Liquid Hair Dye is the best thing of the kind yet offered to the public. It will instantly change light, red, or gray hair to a beautiful jet black, without the slightest injury to the hair or skin. Poudres Subtile will uproot superfluous hair from all places where the hair ought not to grow. Other cosmetics equally valuable, can be had at Dr. Gouraud's, No. 67 Walker street, first store from Broadway.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown!"

And yet, despite this uneasiness, those who suffer adopt no means to remedy the evil. They are content to suffer. And how many sovereigns are there in this city whose heads suffer from the wearing of ill made and ill-fitting hats, though the manufacturers of such hats, in their anxiety to sell, *lie very easy themselves*. The only places we can point to where a hat is manufactured to suit the head, are the establishments of Messrs. Rafferty & Leask, No. 57 Chatham street, and corner of Chatham and Pearl. These gentlemen are the manufacturers of the celebrated Daguerrean Hat. Each hat purchased at their establishments is accompanied with a likeness of the purchaser, the said likeness being ornamentally fitted in the inside of the hat. Caps in great variety, suitable for target companies and others, can be had at the above places on reasonable terms.

Beautiful Ball Circulars.

We have been shown some beautiful ball circulars, invitation cards, &c., got up in the most gorgeous style by that artist and gentlemen, Mr. T. Frere, of No. 81 Nassau street. We would advise our friends desiring anything in that line, to call and examine his specimens.

News Agents.

Our young friends, Messrs. Abbe & Yates, formerly Yates & Seely, wholesale news agents have just enlarged their business, and have taken up their quarters at No. 20 Ann street, where the wants of their customers will receive that attention which has given them such a hold upon the confidence of the retail news dealers.

Dancing.

Many of our young friends are doubtless waiting until the holidays are over, before they enter upon a course of instruction in the delightful and healthy exercise of dancing. In the meantime let us recommend to their attention the advertisement of M. Kilfoil, to be found in another column, by which it will be seen that he will commence a second course of tuition on the 1st of January next.

New Music.

Horace Waters, the great music publisher, of 333 Broadway, has just issued the following new and brilliant compositions:—"Katy's Cry, or Come and Buy my Hot Corn," song and chorus the words by Horace Greeley, Esq., music by J. P. Woodbury; "Ben Bolt's Grave," by Henry C. Watson; "The Old Homestead," a beautiful ballad, by L. Heath; "The Dying Words of Little Katy," words by Solon Robinson, author of the story of Hot Corn, music by Horace Waters; "Captain Charlotte Polka," with a beautiful colored title page, representing Miss Anne Lonsdale, as she appeared in the character of Captain Charlotte; "Come Sing Again that Song," a ballad, as sung by Miss Julia Gould. For the latest publications of new and popular music, the establishment of Horace Waters, 333 Broadway, takes the lead.

"Know Nothings."

Who knows what a "Know Nothing" knows? Answer by return mail.

The Imperial "Hatt."

We see by foreign advices that the Sultan of Turkey has presented his Grand Vizier with an Imperial "Hatt," supposed to have been made by those fashionable hatters, Messrs. Rafferty & Leask, of 57 Chatham street. This shows the go-ahead-itiveness of the "Universal Yankee Nation."

Where is He?

"What in the world" has become of Redpath? Also—where is Mendoza?

That Gift Committee.

Has any one seen an official report from that Committee? We have looked for it day after day, but the nearest approach to it is a report from Perham himself, in his advertisement. The Sunday papers say that the committee have reported, &c., but those articles were written and paid for as advertisements Will somebody tell us about that report? We want to know. Is that Vigilance Committee on the track? Keep your eyes about you, boys.

Only one Cent.

The ferries between this city and Brooklyn are now under the management of the Union Company, and the fare for foot passengers is one cent. A good move.

The Great Republic.

This ship is daily visited by throngs of our citizens, who seem delighted with her high proportions. About $2 00 per day have been received during the week from visitors.

TREMENDOUS BARGAINS

AT THE CELEBRATED LARGEST AND CHEAPEST CARPET ESTABLISHMENT IN THE UNITED STATES, No. 99 Bowery, New York,

HIRAM ANDERSON.

EIGHT SPACIOUS SALES ROOMS—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Sales Room No. 1.

CONTAINS THE MOST EXTENSIVE FASHIONABLE, and handsome assortment of Hare's celebrated English and American Floo Oil Cloths, of the newest style, satin finish, marble, Italian, fresco, and scroll paintings, ever offered in this city, from 2s. 6d. to $1 the square yard of 1 to 8 yards wide

Sales Room No. 8.

Are the PATENT TAPESTRY INGRAIN CARPETS, exhibited at the World's Fair, and to be exhibited at the New York Crystal Palace.

Also, Window Shades, at 6s., 8s., 12s., 16s., and 20s. per pair; Table Covers, Plated and Brass Stair Rods, English Sheepskin, Adelaide and Tufted Parlor Door Mats.

Also, White and Checked Matting, 4-4, 5-4 and 6-4, and Cocoa Matting. All the above goods will be sold at twenty per cent. less than any other establishment in the United States.

HIRAM ANDERSON,
99 BOWERY.

N. B.—Familes and Merchants visiting the great metropolis, will find it much to their advantage to examine this enormous stock. feb 253m

Sales Room No. 2.

THERE ARE 250 PIECES OF THE CHOICEST, most beautiful and desirable patterns of English and American Ingrain Carpeting, at unparalleled low prices, from 5s. to 6s. 6d. per yard. Manufactured for our city sales.

Sales Room No. 3.

CONTAINS 300 PIECES OF ENGLISH AND American Imperial Three Ply Carpeting, of magnificent Scroll and Gothic figures, imported and manufactured to order, some of which cannot be found at any other establishment in the United States.

Sales Room No. 4.

CONTAINS 150 PIECES OF FINE INGRAIN CARPETING, of splendid new patterns, at astonishing low prices, 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., and 4s. per yard.

Sales Room No. 5.

DISPLAYS A WONDERFUL VARIETY of ENGLISH DRUGGETS, 4 yards wide. Also, 3000 yards of Druggets 1½, 2, and 3 yards wide, at 3s. 3s. 6d., 4s. 5s. 6s. per yard. Also, magnificent Mosaic and Axminster Hearth Rugs, and 100 Tufted Rugs, at 20s.

Sales Room No. 6.

IS FULLY STOCKED WITH EVERY VARIETY of striped and figured STAIR and HALL CARPETING, at 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s. to 6s. per yard. Also, English Tapestry, Brussels and Velvet Stair Carpet at 7s. 8s. 9s. and 10s. per yard.

Sales Room No. 7.

ROYAL VELVET, Axminster, Tapestry, and Brussels Carpeting, imported from the celebrated English Manufactories of John Crossly & Son, and Henderson's, expressly for our city trade. Also, Mosaic carpets of one entire piece, the size 16 feet by 21, and 12 feet 8 inches by 17 feet, worth $350.

THE GREAT
PIANO AND MUSIC ESTABLISHMENT,
Horace Waters, 333 Broadway.

THE BEST PIANOS IN THE WORLD.

T. GILBERT & CO.'S celebrated Pianos with iron frames and circular scales, are acknowledged by artists and the public to be the best in the world. The beauty of tone and solidity of construction which render them adapted to all climates, have stamped T. Gilbert & Co.'s Pianos as the best Pianos in the world.

THE ÆOLIAN PATENT.

T. Gilbert & Co. are the owners of this much admired Æolian Patent which gives to the Piano the beautiful tones of the organ. It is needless to add (being the owners) that they can supply the public with Æolian Pianos at prices less than any other house. Boudoir Pianos, with iron frames, admirably adapted for small rooms, equal in tone and beauty of construction to the celebrated Boudoirs of Collard & Collards, London, hitherto considered the best in the world.

MELODEONS.

S. D. & H. W. Smith's celebrated Melodeons are tuned in the usual temperament, the harmony being as good in the remote keys as it is in the common. They are the only Melodeons so tuned, and are unquestionably the best, in corroboration of which statement please see N. Y. Musical Review for October—Editor's notice. Second hand Pianos at great bargains from $40 to $100.

Martin's Guitars and all kinds of Musical Instruments.

New Music published daily.

HORACE WATERS, 333 Broadway.

THE OLDEST NEWSPAPER AGENCY IN THE U. STATES.

Price & Winans,
Late S. Hallock,
150 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK,

WHOLESALE AGENTS, for all the Daily and Weekly Newspapers, Magazines, Periodicals, Cheap Books, &c., &c.

Arrangements have been made to supply customers with all the Papers as soon as published, and particular attention will be paid to the packing and forwarding of all orders entrusted to our care.

Persons who wish their Papers sent at the earliest possible moment, may rely upon the *Young Firm* for promptness and accuracy.

AGENCY OFFICE.

522 BROADWAY, (opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.)—Persons requiring competent and faithful clerks, salesmen, porters, school teachers, drug clerks, coachmen, barkeepers, waiters, boys for hotels, stores and trades, will please call and leave orders; and applicants for any of the above situations will find it to their interest to register their names. Girls requiring places as housekeepers, seamstresses, cooks, nurses, chambermaids, and for general housework, can be certain of getting first class employments. THOMAS SPINK, Agent.

DANCING AND WALTZING ACADEMY.
M. Kilfoil

RESPECTFULLY announces to his patrons and friends that his classes for the second quarter will commence on the 1st of January next, at the Warren Hotel, corner of Oliver and Henry street, on Wednesdays and Fridays; and at the Hudson Exchange, corner of 10th Avenue and 30th street, on Monday and Thursday of each week.

All the Fashionable Dances will be taught, and every endeavor made to advance the pupil in an accomplishment so essential to ease and elegance of manner.

Ladies and Children's Private classes will commence at 5 and terminate at 6 o'clock P. M. Gentlemen's Private Classes from 6 until 7. Ladies Classes from 7 to 8. Gentlemen's from 8 to 9.

A Quadrille practice for both Ladies and Gentlemen from 9 to 11, for the benefit of all pupils.

THE NEW YORK TIME PIECE,
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY PAPER
For the Edification of Everybody, &c.

The TIME PIECE has reached its second volume, and is acknowledged to be the most Humorous Paper in the United States. The proprietor begs leave to present the following figures that will be the Guiding Point for the Hands that move on its face:—

1st. We are independent.

2d. We intend to remain so in every political, secular, or social matter.

3d. We intend to administer only such wholesome literary food as shall keep the people from the slims-house of ignorance and superstition.

4th. The food for the mind will be of such a nutritious quality as will agree with the mind's stomach-thought.

5th. We will mind every one's business and our own besides—always regarding our own affairs as of paramount importance.

6th. Our Editors shall cudgel their brains each week with the clubs of fancy and fact, and thereby render the

TIME PIECE WORTH TWO CENTS PER WEEK! OR

One Dollar per year, or Fifty Cents for Six Months, or Twenty Five Cents for Three Months, all payable in advance.

☞ All communications, either on business or Editorially, to be addressed, post-paid, to R. B. HUTCHINGS, Editor and Publisher, 21 Ann street, New York.

City Amusements.

National Theatre

Every Evening, until further notice, will be performed—

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN,
IN SIX ACTS.

Uncle Tom, - - - - Mr. J. Lingard.
St. Claire, - - - - Sipls.
Gumpton Cute, - - - - H. Stone.
Eva, - - Little Cordelia Howard.

NOTICE TO CITIZENS AND STRANGERS

The great and original drama of Uncle Tom's Cabin, by G. L. Aiken, Esq., which has been performed with such immense success at the National Theatre every night since the 18th of July, and in which the youthful wonder, Little Cordelia Howard, appears as the gentle Eva,

WILL BE CONTINUED

EVERY EVENING DURING THE YEAR

and every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon. Admission 25 cents to dress circle. Remember the National Theatre is situated in Chatham street, near Rose elt, and this is the only place in which the correct version from Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's work can be witnessed in New York.

☞ Dress Circle and Boxes, 25 cts; Orchestra and Chairs, 50 cts; Exclusive Private Boxes, $5; One Person to Private Box, $1. Doors open at 6½; to commence at 7½ o'clock

Christy's American Opera House,

No. 472 Broadway, above Grand street.
OPEN EVERY NIGHT.
The well known original, far famed and only
CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS,
Organized in 1842.

The first and oldest established company in existence.

THE MODEL TROUPE OF THE WORLD.

The first to Harmonize Negro Melodies, and originators of the present popular style of Ethiopian Entertainments, and whose success in this city, for a continued succession of several years past, is without precedent in the annals of public amusement in New York.

THE COMPANY,

Comprising a versatile and talented "corps" of experienced performers, under the direction and personal supervision of EDWIN P. CHRISTY, Sole Proprietor and Manager, the only individual of the name of Christy, engaged as a performer in representations of Ethiopian Minstrelsy.

Ad mission—25 cents. Doors open at 6½ o'lock; commence at 7½ o'clock.

Wallack's Theatre.

Broadway, near Broome-Street.
Parquette, Dress and Family Circle.
Parquette and Dress Circle 50 cts., Family Circle 25 cts.

Lessee .....Mr. Wallack.
Stage Manager ....Mr. Lester.
Treasurer .....Mr. Charles Wallack.

Doors open at 7 o'clock. Performances commence at half-past 7.

The following are the names of the members of the Company:

Mr. Blake,	Mr. Lester,
Mr. Brougham,	Mr. Walcot,
Mr. Lysander Thompson,	Mr. Dyott,
Mr. Reynolds,	Mr. F. A. Vincent,
Mr. H. B. Phillips,	Mr. Mr. F. Chippendale,
Mr. Lyster,	Mr. Rea,
Mr. Chandler,	Mr. Bernard,
Mr. Browne,	Mr. Oliver,
Mr. Burke,	Mr. Thomas,
and Mr. Wallack.	
Miss Laura Keene,	Mrs. Brougham,
Mrs. Conway,	Mrs. Cramer,
Mrs. Stevens,	Mrs. Isherwood,
Mrs. Conover,	Mrs. Browne,
Miss Esmond,	Miss Julia Gould,
Mrs. Walcot,	Miss Norval,
Miss Taylcure	Miss Osborne.
Mrs. Blake.	

Broadway Theatre.

Broadway, between Pearl and Anthony.
E. A. Marshall, Sole Lessee.
Parquette and Three Circles of Boxes.
Prices of Admission:

Parquette and First Tier of boxes....50 cts.
Family and Upper Circles .....25 cts.
Admission for colored person in Third Circle .....25 cts.

Doors open at 7, commence at half-past 7.

Company:

Mr. Barry,	Mr. Davidge,
Mr. Conway,	Mr. Davenport,
Mr. Whiting,	Mr. Lanergan,
Mr. Gronvenor,	Mr. Sanford,
Mr. Matthews,	Mr. Vincent,
Mr. Walters,	Mr. Barnard,
Mr. Wright,	Mr. Henry,
Mr. Cutler,	Mr. Duss,
Mr. McDouall.	
Mrs. Vernon,	Mrs. Henry,
Mrs. Bernard,	Mrs. Abbott,
Miss A. Gougenheim	Miss Portland,
Mrs. Fisk,	Miss J. Gougenheim.
Miss Price.	

Bowery Theatre.

Bowery, Between Bayard and Walker-street.
Pit and Lower Circles of Boxes.
Prices of Admission:

First Second and Third Circles of Boxes, 25 cts.
Pit and Gallery .....12½ cts.

Manager, ...E. D. Stevens,
Treasurer, ...Mr. Waldron.
Assistant Treasurer, ...F. E. Wemyss.

Doors open at 7,—commence at half-past 7.

Company:

Mr E. Eddy,	Mr R. Johnston,
Mr Glenn,	Mr J. Winans,
Mr J. Dunn,	Mr Hamilton,
Mr Stevens,

Pedestrianism at Birmingham, &c.

BOULTON PHILIPS AND ARTHUR AKERS' (BOTH OF BIRMINGHAM).—This match of 140 yards, Akers giving three yards start, for £10 a side, was to have come off on Tuesday, the 25th of last month, at the Bell, at Northfield, but, owing to a suspicion that all was not right, the referee refused to act unless the men then ran for the stakes only, he declaring all bets off. Both parties, however, owing to darkness, declined then to run. After a meeting at the stakeholders, they agreed to run it on Monday, and although a good deal of prejudice existed by parties on both sides, and the rumor still being that all was *not square*, there was a disposition shown to back Akers at 5 to 4 which was done to some amount. The odds were not warranted, for he looked unwell, and stated that he was not so well as he could wish. Philips on the other hand, appeared fresh and vigorous. At the fifth attempt they got off, when Philips led the way up to half the distance, when Akers was close upon his heels, and many thought he could have passed him with ease if he wished, but Phillips finding his man close on him sprang ahead, and managed to keep the lead, although closely pressed home, and won by half a yard. Whatever doubts may have been formed respecting the *squareness* of the match all seemed satisfied. Akers attributes his defeat to a piece of dirt getting in his eye when near home. A correspondent, who gives his name as J. Pritchett, of Lower Tower-street, and who states that he has hitherto backed Akers in all his principal matches, is confident that the affair was arranged between the parties, and that Tonks of Key Hill, and others he could name, is deeply implicated in the matter. Phillips received the stakes the same night.

WATKINS AND ANSELL.—These Birmingham youths next started to walk a mile, for £5 a side. In the very first lap [eight laps to the mile] Ansell trod on Watkin's right foot and [accidentally] threw him down. No appeal however was made to the referee, and in the third lap Watkins had again got close to his man, when a person turned him completely round, by which he again lost ground, and when once more near Ansell, both parties interfered with their men, and a disgraceful scene ensued. The men took to running, when the referee stopped the match, and declared all bets off. The stakeholders refused to hold stakes for a fresh match, and handed the backers of the men their money. Watkins declares he will walk no more matches, in consequence of the ill treatment he received.

DIAMOND AND GRIFFITHS.---About the six mile race, for £25 a side, between these men, which *partly* came off last Monday, at Aston Cross, we have received a number of letters [one from Diamond himself], as well as the account of our own reporter. Diamond declares that he did *not* run, and that Griffiths in the twenty-third lap, tore the flesh away from his ankle. He complains, also, of the referee not acting with impartiality. Other correspondents assure us that Diamond *did* run, and this is also the opinion of our reporter. He likewise informs us that the referee---in consequence of the supervening darkness--- could not see whether the men were walking fairly or not, and that under such circumstances he declared the match over, and that all bets were off. This of course is decisive. For our own parts we consider much blame to be attached to the proprietor of the grounds for permitting two races of an insignificant nature to take place before this one, which had excited much interest throughout the surrounding counties; the consequence being that instead of the men getting possession of the ground at three o'clock, as had been agreed on, it was near five before they started. The cause of this shameful delay originated in a great measure, we are led to believe, in some dispute about the gate-money. If this exaction is to be continued, it is the duty of the proprietor to see that the public time be not wasted, or their anxious curiosity ungratified, by the procrastinating squabbles everlastingly taking place between the "toll" collectors and the postulants for admission. As to the match itself, during the first mile the men walked well, repeatedly taking alternate leads, but at the termination Griffiths was a trifle ahead; the first mile was done in 8min 28sec. At the end of the second mile Griffiths had a lead of two yards. Two miles, 17min 8 sec. Early in the third mile Diamond put on the steam and shot ahead, when Griffiths, who was close on him, trod on his heel, and severely lacerated it, at the same time treading down his pump, by which Griffiths, while adjusting it, lost some time and distance, and it was asserted that in endeavoring to make up for it he ran; the match, however, continued, and three miles were gone over in 25¼ min—the men were now abreast. At the end of three miles and three quarters it became so dark that the referee could not tell whether the men were walking fairly or not, and declared the match off, as above stated.

Doings at West Hill Park, Halifax.

JOSEPH HORROCKS OF HALIFAX, AND JAMES SHERDON OF SHEFFIELD.—Mr. Editor: The 880 yards race between these men, for £15 a side and the Champion Half-mile Belt, was appointed to come off on Monday last; but, to the great disappointment of three or four thousand people---many having come a great distance—Sherdon never made his appearance, and Horrocks ran over the ground alone. It would have been much better for Sherdon to have sent word to Horrocks, or to the proprietor of West Hill Park, stating that he should not run, so that they could have informed the public of it. However, it is to be hoped, in future, he will not be wanting, particularly when the whole of the money was down, whether he could win or not. Horrocks accepts the challenge of James Pudney of Mile End, given in your paper of the 23d ult., to run for the Halifax Half-mile Belt and £25 a side, and will run him on Monday, the 5th of December. Horrocks leaves £10 in your hands, to cover the £10 Pudney deposited with you.

Yours &c., HORROCK'S BACKER.

On this subject we have also received the subjoined letter:

"MR. EDITOR:---According to your journal on Sunday last, the race between Horrocks and Sherdon was to be run yesterday. It appears some one has been very busy in altering the date. We (Sherdon's backers) cannot account for it. The race was made for them to run on the 7th of November; our articles specify the same; and we think, sir, if you will be kind enough to look you will find it the same in your articles. Therefore, we shall be ready on Monday next; and the stakes must not be given up before it is settled, to any one. By your attending to this we shall feel greatly obliged.---Yours, &c., THE BACKERS OF SHERDON.---Sheffield, Nov. 1, 1853.

Doings at Hyde-Park, Sheffield, &c.

WOOD AND DRAKEFORD.—On Tuesday John Wood and Edward Drakeford (both of Sheffield) ran five score yards for £25 a side. The race excited a great deal of interest, and drew together, a vast number of spectators. The betting commenced at 5 to 4, and ultimately left off at 6 to 4 on Wood, at which odds much money was speculated. After several false starts they got off, Drakeford getting a yard and a half the best of it; Wood, however, caught his man when half the distance had been gone over, and the struggle for victory was now tremendous; but after a fast run race Wood was declared the winner by a quarter of a yard. The winner took his breathings under the care of James Greaves of Sheffield, at the Deepcar Inn, Lindrick Common, to whom too much praise cannot be given for the excellent condition in which he brought his man to the post.

JACKSON AND THE (SOI-DISANT) TONNAWONDA INDIAN'S LATE RACE.—Mr. Editor: I must beg leave to apologise for intruding upon your valuable time, but having been alluded to in Mr. Jackson's letter of last week, I wish to make a few remarks. With respect to Mr. Jackson making matches, he has a perfect right to do so with who he pleases; but when he advertises them to run in public, the public have an equal right to find fault and condemn an exhibition such as took place on the 17th ult, at Garratt-lane, Wandsworth; and as for slandering him, surely writing what really took place cannot be slander. But if Mr. J. feels so much amusement in reading these epistles at his leisure, he can have another nut to crack. Who and what is the writer on the dirty bit of paper? Surely at the Wellington he could have had some clean by asking for it. Where were the deposits made, and who held the stakes? Perhaps he will feel obliged for these questions; but 'tis his officious slandering friends, as he calls them, and such as them, who will not be imposed on with impunity, that keep bad men a little in order, they fearing that their evil deeds will be exposed. Trusting this will be the last "black" affair Mr. Jackson will be engaged in, I am, yours, &c., J. RUSSELL.

LEVETT AND YATES.—THE 500 HOURS' MATCH.—This affair terminated in a most disgraceful manner on Saturday, the 29th ult. It appears that it was concocted by some persons, unknown to us at present, and that Levett had promised to lose, but in his own mind determined to win if possible. The match proceeded up to half-past twelve o'clock on the above named day, Levett being at the time about three miles ahead, when Yates seeing that he intended to win, suddenly turned around and struck him a violent blow on the head, which staggered his little opponent. After recovering himself a little, Levett remonstrated with him, and was about to proceed on his journey, but Yates stood before him in such a position as to defy him going any further. Yates afterwards retired to his "snuggery," and did not come out again to walk. Levett went several "laps" more but finding that Yates had given up further competition, Levett also retired and claims the stakes; and we ask the referees whether he is not entitled to them, Yate having struck him, and given up further competition. We do not see that Levett had any occasion to go through the 500 hours after his opponent had resigned the contest. Was it not tantamount to a defeat? We cannot see it in any other light. Numerous letters have reached us on this flagitious affair, but we have neither time to read them this week nor space to insert any of them. Acording to the matchbook we find that Yates is recorded to have walked 834½ miles, and Levett 837½ miles. We can only merely add that a correspondent ask "how often did the men come out during the nights?" and it is the opinion of many "that no mortal man can go through an undertaking of walking one and a half miles every hour for 500 consecutive hours."

NOBLE AND SIMPSON.—The 100 yards race, between George Noble and Thomas Simpson, for £20 a side, came off at Helmington-row, on Saturday week, and a more disgraceful affair, says a correspondent, could not be. The betting was brisk, and about £300 were laid out at even, but on the men stripping, 5 and 6 to 1 was offered on Simpson—it being evident that Noble was far from being in condition, while in the morning he seemed all right. After several false starts Noble got away with a yard start, but before 30 yards had been covered, Simpson passed him, and won as he liked by about 3 yards. During the last 40 yards Simpson turned round and faced his adversary repeatedly. After going 30 yards Noble appeared to have no power in his legs. Two *supposed* backers of Noble are strongly suspected of doing something wrong, and our correspondent intends fishing the matter out if possible. The winner's time was *thirteen seconds*. Noble can be backed to run Simpson 100 yards, on Gilesgate Moor for £50 a side.

TITTERINGTON AND HOLIDAY.—George Titterington of Leeds and Samuel Holiday of Wakefield (and not Hobsay of Leeds as stated last week) ran their 140 yards race for £15 a side on Monday last, near the White Bear on the Wakefield and Bradford-road, in the presence of about 1,000 persons. After a great deal of trouble in appointing a referee, the men, for the second time, showed at the scratch, and seemed in good condition, Holiday appearing, perhaps, rather too fine. The Leeds man was the favorite at 2? to 20, and a large sum depended on the result, Thomas Edmondson holding about £100. After five or six false starts they went away, Holiday a yard in advance, which he kept up to 100 yards; here his adversary drew upon him, breasted him 15 yards from the finish, and after a determined struggle, won by half a yard only, amid the loud shouts of the spectators. Titterington received the stakes the same evening at Mr. Woolfoot's, the Market Tavern, Leeds, from Mr. T. Gould. If Holiday is not satisfied he can be accommodated again on the same terms; or Titterington will run B. Roe or Bradford, S. Sykes of Drighlinton, Lawton of Elmley, 140 yards, or B. Roebuck of Castle Hill, if he will allow 3 yards in 140. A match can be made for £20 a side, at Mr. Woolfoot's, Market Tavern, Leeds, any night next week.

W. PRICE AND J. DAWKINS.—The 300 yards race between these men, for £10 a side, came off on Monday last, at the Isle of Dogs, in the presence of a numerous assemblage. The men had once before contended in a quarter mile race at the once renowned "Cope," on which occasion Dawkins was the winner. Price's friends conceiving this to be rather beyond his distance, matched him again at 300 yards, and hence the present race. A deal of money was speculated on the event at evens. Price had been in close training under the care of the well-known pedestrian, James Pudney; Dawkins, we believe had undergone a course of "self-tuition." Both men appeared at the scratch a few minutes after 4 o'clock, in prime condition. So confident was each man of success that they laid an additional "fiver" level with each other at the scratch. A capital start was effected by the men themselves, when Price dashed immediately away with the lead, which he maintained all through, and went in a winner by about 5 yards, amid the loud cheering of his friends.

Doings at Hyde Park, Sheffield.

PECKETT AND CHALLONER.---On Tuesday last, Sampson Peckett, of Sheffield, and Edward Challoner, of Shire Green, ran 300 yards, for £20 a side. Challoner was the favorite, at 5 and 6 to 4, but little betting took place. After four false starts, they bounded away at the top of their speed, Peckett getting nearly two yards start, and before seven score yards had been gone over, he widened the gap five yards. Challoner, who had got nearly shoulder to shoulder with his opponent, caught his spikes against the ground, and nearly fell, which gave Peckett nearly half a score yards the advantage; Challoner, however, recovered himself, and, had the distance been a score yards further, he must have won, but the goal was too near, and Peckett was declared the winner by nearly five yards.

SYDDALL AND LEVETT MATCHED.--John Syddall, the present holder of the Champion mile belt, and John Levett, are matched to run four miles at Hyde Park, Sheffield, on the 26th of December, for £50 a side. A deposit of £5 a side is in the hands of Mr. J. Barker.

DOINGS AT BELLEVUE, MANCHESTER.

Saturday, Oct. 29.

After the tremendous storm of wind and rain by which yesterday was characterized, the atmosphere cleared, and this afternoon was very fine. The attendance of spectators on the course was very large, most of the admirers of the canine species in the neighborhood of Manchester being present, attracted to witness the contest between

SPARK AND EMPRESS.

The conditions of this race were somewhat peculiar, Nelson Howarth of Oldham having matched his dog Spark against Shaw's (of Manchester) Empress, for £25 a side, 200 yards, Spark not to exceed 19lb, and Empress catch weight, but Empress was to give Spark six yards outside the above distance. The betting fluctuated for some time, but at start it was six to five on Empress—Mr. George Jennison, sen., officiating as referee. After considerable delay in arranging preliminaries, they got off, the favorite gradually gaining upon her opponent, but she eventually failed, after a capital race, Spark winning by half a yard. But for too great anxiety, perhaps, on the part of the runner up for Empress, the result might have been otherwise, as after he had gone over his mark, and just prior to the dog's coming in, he turned and walked two or three paces towards the winning-post; and this, it was said, caused his dog in some degree to abate her speed, and thus to lose the race. The announcement that Spark had won was made in the midst of the most intense excitement, and was received by shouts, throwing up of caps, &c. Still, however, from some cause or other, several persons were dissatisfied, and they not having as yet subscribed to the principles of the Peace Society, and finding the force of argument to fail, they resorted to the argument of force, a grand melee taking place; but though striking, how far it furnished convincing proof we did not learn.

CLEGG AND WILD.

These pedestrians are Thomas Clegg of Rochdale, and Edward Wild of Milnrow, near the same town, and their race of to-day was 200 yards, for £15 a side. The betting was 5 to 4 on Clegg. They went away without loss of time, the favorite getting a little advantage at start, but before 30 paces had been traversed Wild passed him, afterwards keeping the lead, and winning easily by five yards, the pace having been slow. Clegg had been trained by Brookson of Rochdale, and many from that vicinity said he could run faster if he pleased, and Wild had been well prepared by John Fitton of Crampton.

Pigeon Shooting.

HORNSEY WOOD SHOOTING GROUNDS.—A pigeon match for £500 a side came off here on Monday last, between Mr. Gannon and Mr. Whitehead, the former giving the latter 50 dead birds out of 100, at 21 yards rise, one trap. Barber supplied the birds. A good muster of the friends of both parties, as well as sporting men, attended, and a deal of money changed hands. Mr. Gannon shot at his first 50 birds, and went on to the 25th round, and having missed four birds out of the 35, he headed his opponent one bird and won the match. After this Messrs. Peters, Latham, Thornhill and Wright, shot three sweepstakes, 5 pigeons each, 21 yards, for 2 sovs. each. Mr. Latham won the first, killing 4—tied with Mr. Peters in the second, and shot off the tie, when Mr. Latham won. Six gentlemen joined the above in two sweepstakes. Messrs. Dennis and Boxhall tied in the first and divided, Mr. Dennis and Latham tied in the second and shot it off, when Mr. Dennis won. Several rifle matches and sweepstakes have been shot during the week. Public and private shooting grounds. Ammunition of all kinds to be had at the bar. Barber supplies the birds.

Death of a celebrated Brood Mare.

The brood Mare Margaret, by Edmund out of Medora by Selim, the dam of Ion, and other race horses, died a few days since, at an advanced age, at Lamorlaye, near Chantilly, France, in the possession of Mr. Thomas Carter, the well-known trainer of that place. Mr. Carter has sold four foals, for which he refused 1,000 sovs in the Spring, to M Aumont, of course at an advance on that already high price—sufficient of proof the enormous prices blood stock is now stching in France.

Military Steeple Chase.

A sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each was entered into by the officers in garrison at Windsor, for a steeple chase, which came off on Bayliss Court Farm, Stoke, on Wednesday. The line which was selected between Salthill and Stoke was a figure of 8, and the winning field had to be crossed three times. The start was near Farnham-lane Bridge, and a half circle to the left brought them in a direct line for Stoke Park; a similar twist on the right brought them to the winning field for a second time, and then, crossing to Farnham-lane Bridge, they had the first part of the line back for a finish, including eighteen fences and two brooks. At four o'clock the following horses appeared at the post:—

Mr. De Winton's Peter - -	Owner 1
Mr. Fraser's Taffy - -	Owner 2
Mr. Hare's Harlequin -	Mr. Grosvenor 3
Mr. De Winton's Jerry -	Mr. George 0
Mr. Hare's Skeleton - -	Driver 0
Mr. Craven's Recruit - -	Owner 0
Mr. Craven's Gaiters - -	Lawrence 0

Little betting took place, but the quotations were 5 to 2 agst. Gaiters, 3 to 1 agst. Jerry and Peter, 6 to 1 agst. Recruit, 8 to 1 agst. Taffy, and 10 to 1 agst. Harlequin. Skeleton went off at a killing pace, followed by Recruit, Jerry, and Peter, the others lying close up; on reaching Bayliss-lane Recruit fell, gave Mr. Craven a purler, and broke away. Skeleton, who appeared determined to cut out the work, then went in advance full 100 yards, and kept so to Stoke Park, where Gaiters fell, and pulled up lame. Harlequin and Peter then ran in company, creeping up to Skeleton, who, on coming to a heavy piece of turnips, was found to have had enough, on re-crossing the grass meadow (the winning field), Peter had a decided lead, Harlequin being three lenghts behiud, Taffy close upon the latter, and Skeleton, who could hardly raise a gallop, next. At the jump out of the meadow, Peter fell, and Mr. De Winton took a turn over, Taffy being then permitted to take the lead. Peter, however, was quickly remounted, and overtook his horses, when an excellent finish ensued between him and Taffy, the latter being beaten by three lengths. Harlequin walked in third, but the others were nowhere.

QUOITS.

BOARDMAN AND HODSON.—Mr. Editor: The great quoiting match for the Championship and £50, between old John Boardman, the renowned quoit player of Salford, and Mr. Hodson of Staleybridge, came on on Monday last, at the Paul Pry Tavern, Broughton-Road, Salford. The game was 61 shots up, 18 yards, 6-inch quoits. The betting at the commencement was 6 to 4 on Hodson, which was taken freely. The game was begun by Boardman getting the first shot. A change then took place, and Hodson chalked 14 to Boardman's 5. The betting was now 2 to 1 on Hodson, with a few takers. Hodson still led, and scored 22 to Boardman's 12. At this time Boardman wanted 4 to 1 that he scored 41 before his opponent. Boardman now began to play in his old style, and scored 41 to Hodson's 27. 5 and 6 to 1 was at this stage offered on Boardman, but no takers. From this point the game was all one way, Boardman winning a most splendid match by scoring 61 to Hodson's 37, amid the vociferous cheers of the multitude, consisting of nearly 1000 persons. Boardman, now considering himself the champion, is open to play any man in the world, on the same conditions.

Yours, &c.,
CORRESPONDENT.

William Blackburn of Batley Carr will play a game at quoits with Ben Anty of Dawgreen, Jonas Eox of Heckmondwike, or William Littlewood of Littletown, 20 or 21 yards. to find their own quoits, for from £10 to £25 a side The money will be ready any night nex. week at Joseph Day's, the Ancient Forrester, Batley Carr.

WRESTLING.

LORD AND SWAN.—Peter Lord of Stalybridge and William Swan of Greenside, near Hattersly, are matched to wrestle two back falls out of three, in the Lancashire fashion, catch as catch can, for £25 a side, at Nelson Warren's Snipe Tavern, Ashton Moss, near Ashton-under-Lyne, on Monday, Dec. 12.—Peter Lord is surprised at seeing a challenge from Adam Ridings, alias Dockum, of Bury, after going to Bury repeatedly to make a match. He will wrestle him for £100 a side, or any other man in the world, catch as catch can, for the like sum. If Dockum will address a few lines to Thomas Hyde, White House Inn. appointing a place anywhere in Manchester to meet, the match can be made,

At a wrestling match that took place some days since at George Morland's of the Coal yard, Drury-lane, the principal prize, a gold Albert chain, was won by Joseph Tiffin; John Martinie being second, and Thomas Atkinson of the Royal Horse Guards Blue third. The friends of Tiffin are ready to back him against any 9st man in England, for £25 a side, or shall give Thomas Williamson £30 to £20, and wrestle him the best in five or seven falls. Tiffin can be heard of at the White Hart, Coal-yard, Drury-lane, at any time.

Drumming.

MR. EDITOR: Seeing in your last a challenge from Nathan Bradley of Berry Brow to beat the big drum with any man in England, Mr. W. F. Proctor, of the Britannia Band, Birmingham, will accept it, for Bradley's own amount, providing he will beat on the side drums as well as the big drum, as he considers that any one who knows music can beat the big drum. A letter addressed to the Red Lion, corner of Bridge street, West Summer-lane, Birmingham, will be attend to.—Yours, &c., JOHN DAVIES.

Berry Drummer (an old man of 70) of Honley, near Hoddersfield, having heard of Nathan Bradley's bouncing challenge, states that he will take him in all the points he names, with this exception, he must come to the house of Mrs. Sutcliffe, Commercial Inn, Honley, where he will find the man and money. —*Bell's Life in London.*

Ratting Extraordinary.

The extraordinary ratting feat of destroying 100 large and fresh barn rats under 7 minutes, was again attempted last Tuesday evening, at J. Shaw's, Queen's Head-court, Windmill-street, Haymarket, in the presence of a numerous assemblage of noblemen and gentlemen. Time-keepers, &c., being chosen, the noted dog Jem, 19lb weight, the property of J. Shaw, was produced, and commenced his arduous task in courageous style, destroying above 40 rats in the first two minutes; he then began to fag, and lost the match by 1min. 15sec. A fresh match was made for the same dog to destroy 50 rats under 3min., also 100 rats under 7min., to come off next Tuesday evening at Shaw's, the backers of time to find the rats, and Shaw to have the privilege of picking the dead ones up, but not to touch the dog.

Extraordinary Hallucination.

The Echo de Mayenne says:—"A respectable woman, named Besnatre, wife of a farmer at Hardat, had been for some years possessed at certain periods of the year, with the idea that she wasso desperately wicked that she must inevitably be consumed in hell fire, unless she expiated her sins by being burned in this world. This idea of late had become more and more confirmed, and a few days ago putting a quantity of faggots into the oven, and setting fire to them, she waited until they were half consumed, and then crept into the oven herself. She was found there horribly burnt some time after by her niece, who raised an alarm. Medical aid was immediately brought, but the unfortunate woman expired some hours after in great agony."

A Watch stolen by a (Scotch!) Rat.

One night last week the overseer of a farm near Huntly laid his watch on a table in his sleeping appartment, previous to going to bed. Towards morning he was aroused by a crash of something that had fallen and a rattling sound, as if something being dragged along the floor. He immediately got up, and found that his watch was gone. He lost no time in pursuing the thief, following the direction of the sound, when he came upon the watch at the mouth of the rat's hole, into which the rat had entered taking with him the whole of the guard chain, and was only prevented from taking the watch by the case springing open from the fall, which made it require more room than the hole would admit of. As it was, the rat did not seem disposed to lose his prize, but kept a firm hold of the guard when the owner tried to pull it from him.—*Dundee Courier.*

THE GAME OF CHESS.

Match between Harrwitz and Lowenthal. Game Sixth.

BLACK. Harwitz.	WHITE. Lowenthal.
1. K P 2	K P 2
2. K B to B 4	K Kt to B 3
3. Q to K 2	K B to B 4
4. K B P 2	PxP
5. K Kt to B 3	Castles
6. Q Kt to B 3	Q Kt to B 3
7. Q P 1	K B to Q Kt 5
8. Castles	R to K sq
9. Kt to Q 5	KtxKt
10. BxKt	Kt to K 2
11. B to Q Kt 3	Kt to K Kt 3
12. Q B P 1	B to Q R 4
13. Kt to Q 4	Q B P 2
14. Kt to Q Kt 5	Q P 2
15. Q BxP	Q R P 1
16. Kt to Q R 3	Q B P 1
17. Q PxP	RxP
18. Q to Q 2	K B to Q Kt 3x
19. K to R sq	KtxB
20. RxKt	K B to K 6
21. RxR	BxQ
22. PxP	Q B to K B 4
23. R to K 2	K B to B 5
24. Q R to K sq	K Kt P 1
25. K Kt P 1	K B to Q 3
26. Kt to B 4	Q to B 2
27. KtxB	QxKt
28. K to Kt 2	Q Kt P 2
29. R to K 3	K to B sq
30. K R P 1	R to Q sq
31. K Kt P 1	B to Q B sq
32. R to B 3	B to Kt 2
33. R to K 6	QxR
34. PxQ.	R to Q 6, and wins.

The Powder Case.

The Mayor has given his decision in relation to 788 kegs of powder seized by the Fire Wardens at pier 4 East River, on the 5th of November, 1853 The decision as rendered by Mayor Westervelt, confiscates the entire quantity of powder seized, to the Fire Department. The following passage in the decision will be read with interest.—

I have not taken into consideration the time when the seizure was made, that being deemed entirely unimportant as the warden was justified in making the seizure, either before or after sunset.

The second question, whether in consideration of the facts and circumstances of the case, I am required, in the exercise of a sound discretion, to order the gunpowder to be restored, remains to be considered. The power to be exercised under the 7th section of the act is not an arbitrary power. It must be used in view of all the facts and circumstances of the case, and to promote the interest and security of citizens. A few months prior to the enactment of this law an explosion took place in the lower part of this city during a fire, which resulted in the death of a number of citizens, and caused the fire to spread with great rapidity until a large portion of the city was reduced to ashes and several millions of dollars worth of property was thereby destroyed. A large portion of citizens attributed the explosion to gunpowder, while many others attributed it to various other causes. This explosion led to the enactment of the law of 1846, with all its wholesome provisions for the security of life and the protection of property, and it is eminently due to the members of the Fire Department and to citizens generally, that those provisions should be carried into full effect. It is in evidence that about ten tons of gunpowder was placed on board of a barge, lying at pier No. 4 East river, in violation of the provisions of the fire law, and that it was put up in such a loose and insecure manner that the powder sifted out of the kegs while being taken from the barge to the magazine. There is no evidence that the slightest precaution was taken by the persons handling and removing this gunpowder to prevent an explosion. There appears to have been culpable negligence on the part of every one connected with the removing of the powder, showing an entire disregard of human life, and had the powder became ignited by any one of the many accidents that might have occurred, an explosion; would have taken place, so terrific in its effects, so destructive of human life and of property, as would have been unparalelled. The whole lower part of the city might have been laid in ruins, and hundreds of human beings would have been sent to an untimely grave. The violation of the law dwindles into insignificance when compared with the imminent danger that threatened the whole community in consequence of the culpable negligence and indifference of the persons having charge of this gunpowder. To order the powder to be restored to them, under such circumstances, would be to invite the most gross and flagrant violation of the laws and to invite others to jeopard the lives and property of citizens to save themselves a very trifling expense. I consider that the gunpowder in question was legally and rightfully seized in accordance with the provisions of the act of May, 1846, and that it ought to be confiscated to the Fire Department, and do therefore decline to order the same to be restored to the claimants

JACOB A. WESTERVELT.

The New York Clipper.

A WEEKLY SPORTING PAPER,

DEVOTED TO

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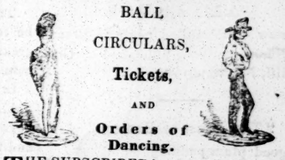

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RHEUMATISM.

of years standing has been totally eradicated from the system, giving the limbs all their pristine vigor and activity. Its power to conquer this dreadful affliction alone makes it invaluable; but there are many other diseases considered equally incurable, and almost as distressing, that are entirely dispelled under the magical influence of the

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An experience of five years enables us to assert with confidence that it will cure

PILES,
ULCERS,
TUMORS, OF ALL KINDS OLD RUNNING SORES, SCROFULOUS DISEASES, STIFFNESS OF JOINTS AND MUSCLES, FELONS, SWELLINGS, AND INFLAMMATIONS.
NEURALGIA, TOOTH-ACHE.
EAR-ACHE, GOUT, CORNS,
SPAVIN, RING-BONE, FISTULA,
CHAFES, GALLS, SCRATCHES,
POLL EVIL, SWENEY,

and in fact any disease of

MAN OR BEAST,

that can be touched with an EXTERNAL APPLICATION.

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would as soon think of working his farm without horses, as to working his horses without the MUSTANG LINIMENT.

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Who are acknowledged to be the best judges of horse flesh in the world, and who are the most careful in preserving the beauty, health, and vigor of the noble animal have used the Mustang thoroughly, and pronounced it to be the best and only reliable remedy that can be applied.

It is put in three different size bottles and retailed as follows:—

Small size	25	cents per bottle.
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